

IRELAND TO-DAY

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ONE SHILLING

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES HOGAN, *Professor of History, University College, Cork, contributes a supplementary article to his The Anglo-Irish Treaty which we published last month.*

DR. JAMES DEVANE, *here turns his critical attention to the structure of Irish Society. Author of Isle of Destiny, published some months ago.*

DONAL MCCARTHY, *writes further on hospitalisation and succeeds, we claim, in clarifying the many questions involved in any scheme of reform.*

D. S. SAVAGE *has been occasional contributor to English and American periodicals, including The Listener, Poetry, 20th Century Verse, The Nation; is represented in Best Poems of 1937.*

J. C. COSTELLO, *remembers a Spain older than the war of ideologies.*

PEADAR O'DONNELL, *novelist; has a prominent place in the record of Irish National and Labour struggles; author of Adrigoole, The Gates Flew Open, The Knife, etc.*

MICHAEL McLAVERTY, *a Belfast teacher whose short stories have attained wide recognition; included in E. J. O'Brien's anthologies for 1936 and 1937.*

EILEEN FOWLER FORD *has travelled and observed in four continents; out of her interest in the drama comes this suggestion for an Annual Dublin Dramatic Festival.*

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections:

Art JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.

Music EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAI.

Theatre SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, B.A.

Film LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE.

Books EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.

EDITORIAL

When these lines are read, time will have done much to heal the wound of Kirkintilloch. The true inwardness of the tragic holocaust—ten young lives that we ill can spare—has been everywhere perceived, and above the spontaneous sympathy for the bereaved relatives and the survivors, there is everywhere an insistent call for *action*, so that never again can the continuance of the root cause make a recurrence possible. In the words of the *Irish Times*: "The flames at Kirkintilloch have killed, but they also have cleansed. They have burned a way through our complacency, our selfish, unthinking tolerance of evil; they have seared our conscience into wakefulness. . . . The train that left Dublin for Achill bore a tragic freight; yet was it more melancholy than those hundreds of trains which have sped eastwards from Achill with their cargoes of starved humanity, seeking the means of subsistence in an alien country?"

There is a possibility, however, that the economic pressure, though admittedly an acute contributory cause, is being a little over-stressed. To youth is adventure, and the curiosity to see a little more of life than their own sorrow-visited homes afford, together with the habit of a long-standing tradition founded in even sterner times, must, too, account in some degree for this seasonal migration. In saying which, far from denying an existing evil, we are actually disclosing yet another *malaise*. Many parts of our barren West are plainly unlivable in. Social amenities are virtually non-existent. Many have bemoaned, for example, the former gaiety of the crossroads dance, since almost quite suppressed.

This contentious subject has again been resurrected. An officer of the law had, in all sincerity, brought dancing offenders to Court, purely on technicalities. Holding in effect that the complete innocence of the participants was being impugned and the complete innocuousness of their amusement held in question, the judge rejected summarily what appeared to be a spiritual direction communicated to the Court, and was stirred to commend what he described as "dancing in God's fresh air." This is cited as one of many salutary evidences that obscurantism is not going to have it all its own way and that the repressions which have already wrought such havoc in our countryside

shall be increasingly resisted. We do not condone immorality (*must we insist?*) but action of this type which says to the countryman, if you want to have a good time, you must go to Dublin, is, we maintain, partly responsible for our denuded and drab countryside and for the furtive crimes that regrettably have been brought to light so often of late.

An important conference at Ardmore of those interested in stemming this very evil of rural depopulation had before them the similar plight of the Walloon country in Belgium. There, an eminent Jesuit, *Père Lemaire*, had diagnosed the causes as "an anti-clerical Press, the repression of religion in certain schools, evil habits fostered by the cinematograph, low wages paid by industrialists and the prevalence of immorality in factories, a modern public opinion which ridicules the family, and a general growth of indifference." How few, fortunately, of these causes are responsible for the same result in Ireland. Within five years, the countryside could be so brightened, its social life so developed, that not only would the people be held on the land, but also their natural leaders, those more gifted, whose function it should be to serve as the social nucleus of the community unit. Under existing conditions they flee in despair to Dublin or even farther.

Since what we wrote last month, that ponderous centipede, the law, has progressed another inch. The punishment of juvenile offences has been fairly thoroughly discussed in public, and now, in the proclaiming of its abolition, many of us learn for the first time that the ordinary criminals' "Black Maria" had been the accepted means of transport for committing even the most juvenile delinquents to the reformatory or industrial school. It is hard to repress impatience at the general tardiness in the carrying out of the most obvious reforms, yet with humanity the imperfect and skin-deep thing it is, we must, we suppose, be content that at any rate we have not to report retrogression.

Thanks is due to whoever was responsible, through all our country's vicissitudes in the last fifteen years, for the preservation unchanged, of our very ugly but perfectly endearing, twopenny postage stamp. Our condemnation of it is aesthetic, but our commendation rests on its unwearying proclamation of this country's oneness. No division, no boundary shown, this crude white shape, that is the physical configuration of

Ireland, never ceased to proclaim our unity, though political wizardry was trying to force on us the illusion of its permanent partition. The single name, Eire, was never deviated from, though through compromise, defeatism and opportunism, there was apparent acquiescence in and full consent to the various enforced political entities termed *Saorstát Eireann*, Northern Ireland and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. It might be remarked, in passing, that so unpopular is the designation "Northern Ireland" with the Northern Government, that as far as they can they enforce the misuse of the word "Ulster" to describe a territory that consists only of six of the nine counties of Ulster. And whilst "*Saorstát Eireann*" means the Free State of Ireland, and is so translated into almost every European language by the Governments of the continental countries, it was deliberately mistranslated as the "Irish Free State," a very different thing entirely. This has been increasingly, and shamefully, acquiesced in even by the present government in the South.

These musings arising out of a simple postage stamp were inspired by the fact that a recent stamp issue in Nicaragua "showed extensive disputed territory" according to a very strong protest by Honduras, whose government has demanded the immediate withdrawal of the offending issue. The Irish stamp, too, might by some be held to include "extensive disputed territory." It certainly has always irritated the official caste created at Stormont, but has not led either to blows or to heated diplomatic exchanges.

A plea occasionally voiced is that it is anomalous that the southern government, which has consular and diplomatic representation in so many countries, should have no machinery for encouraging co-operation in trade or other vital matters of common interest with the Northern Government. In fact, it would be more anomalous and objectionable if there were, for the essence of the two artificially-created governments is that they should be mutually antagonistic. For each government loyally to abide by its charter is tantamount to raising higher and higher the most impassable barriers between them. And the escape from the vicious circle of our original self-inflicted chains is the first preliminary step to the final and complete breaking-down of the barriers. There are two main trends in the north apart from the vociferous official spokesmen whose voices are the only ones ever raised in violent, aggressive and insistent support of partition. Whoever heard any

professional or business men, teachers or workers upholding partition as against union with the rest of the country? The two trends are conflicting. One is the trend that makes for the permanent consolidation of the "Border." The different spiritual and perverted patriotic outlook being inculcated in the schools, the widening circle of officialdom's vested interests, as the bureaucratic machine becomes top-heavy, and the mutually competitive industries arising in either territory are some of the unfavourable trends. With these, it is not proposed to deal now.

A few very interesting and hopeful trends or happenings may be recorded, however, which show that the malignant lesion is not yet beyond surgical skill or even psychological treatment. Of these perhaps the most significant is the foundation of *Irish Historical Studies* jointly by the three Universities—National, Belfast and Trinity—Queen's University, Belfast, being apparently the moving spirit as well as this research journal's headquarters.

The news that the Sino-Japanese war is hitting Belfast to the tune of £10,000 per week may well prove salutary in turning the eyes of her businessmen away from the ends of the earth to our own country. In August she exported £40,000 worth of linen to China, in September *nil*. The projected industrial exhibition in Dublin should provide Belfast with an opportunity of barrier-crashing that she would be well advised not to miss.

The inauguration of the Derry central telephone exchange is most remarkable in that no less than five branch exchanges served by it are in the twenty-six counties area, and actually a Derry district "local" call, in the same area. Verily is the "Border Problem Ignored," as one newspaper caption had it. On the other hand, it comes as a surprise to many of us to learn that the national hydro-electric scheme in the 'South' has customers in the 'North.'

In the moral sphere, too, time has been marching on. Film and literary censorship as adopted in the twenty-six counties, at one time was pointed to as showing the intolerance of the "Rome Rule" that inevitably would follow "Home Rule," but now these, for all their defects, are recognised as being sound in principle and have been frequently invoked in Belfast, when for example the film "Green Pastures" was banned and when quite recently the exposure for sale of foul and pornographic literature caused the tenancies of four shops to be summarily terminated.

FOREIGN COMMENTARY

THE League of Nations Assembly was opened on September 13th by Dr. Negrin, the Spanish Premier.

"Collective security," the first principle and main purpose of the League, has proved unworkable in the case of Manchuria and Abyssinia. China, a member nation again invaded, has come forward once more to lay her complaint before Geneva. Almost in the same breath a Japanese spokesman tells the League to keep out of the Far East, and, indeed, the League, now so weak in action and in prestige, owing to her failure to handle major affairs, may find it expedient to do nothing, except, perhaps, on paper, for an outraged but still trustful China.

* * *

The policy of the League seems to reflect that of the stronger member nations, whose poor political tactics in the past led to a world war, and whose foreign offices are again playing at the dangerous old game of "Balance of Power" in Europe, a game entailing the making and breaking of international agreements outside the League, and tending to develop the perilous alignment of the "Haves"—Britain, France, and Russia, against the "Havenots"—Italy, Germany, Japan, and possibly Poland.

Who can blame America's Monroe Doctrine, her Neutrality Act or any other measure she takes to keep herself out of the European mess?

Perfidy is now an international custom.

* * *

Canada, one of the first countries to weaken the prestige of the League by objections to sanctions, has drawn so near in spirit to the U.S.A. that she no longer hesitates to dub herself "a North American Nation." New Zealand and Ireland have severely criticised League Policy, and years ago President de Valera warned the nations of coming disaster if the members did not stand firmly by their avowed principles.

The smaller nations still cling pathetically to Geneva and hope that all will be well eventually, but the row is between their big brothers, and all will not be well until the Powers now monopolising both gold and raw materials ease up the tension.

Italy and Japan did not wait. Germany may not wait either. Poland is sick, and Nazi propaganda is strongly active in a puzzled central Europe, yet Doctor Negrin spoke of the vitality of the League, and of the forces of peace in the world, and the new President, the Aga Khan, stated that though League ideals had been wounded, they would live and prevail in an unchallengeable empire of peace.

It would be too easy to condemn these as expressions of optimistic rhetoric, but they may be dismissed as such until the materially powerful nations show some signs of easing the economic and political constraints imposed by them on the weaker nations.

The reply of the weaker ones to ruthless pressure or cold neglect is the crystallisation to a dangerous degree of the principle of national concentration, or massed will, as shown by each totalitarian state to-day. Capt. Harrison, in his "Ireland and the British Empire," put the whole matter in a nutshell, with the dozen words, "Without freedom from constraint there can be no freedom for constructive purposes."

He might have added that any constraint changes the healthy constructive urge in man, always in some measure, and often to the opposite extreme of destruction in the desperate effort to find adjustment.

* * *

In Spain, General Franco has followed up his victory of Santander by invading the Asturias, and the Madrid Government confesses its inability to help the remaining isolated Republican forces in Northern Spain.

Having failed to push back the Insurgents from Madrid, the Spanish Government next chose Aragon as the scene of active operations. Pressing in south of Saragossa (a strong Insurgent bastion on the North-East front) the Government troops captured Belchite, some twenty miles to the south of Saragossa. The victory is important because of its locality. Here or hereabouts, General Franco is bound to try to cut off Catalonia from the Valencia forces, and he may plan this before mounting any further attacks on Madrid.

Catalonia is in some state of confusion, and independent bands of armed men are reported as roaming at will seeking power in towns and villages. The Catalans have let down the Government rather badly by their lack of co-operation, and by their internal disputes, and they have in no way justified their record as the best fighting material in Spain.

Some observers trace internal disturbances to Moscow's interference in Spanish politics, and state that the Soviet grip has become tighter since the overthrow of Caballero, whose successor, Negrin, is said to favour the Russian brand of Communism, which is not entirely acceptable to all the extreme left parties in Spain.

* * *

At Nyon, on September 10th, nine nations led by France and

England met in conference to devise practical means of protection against the submarine piracy of neutral vessels in the Mediterranean. An agreement was signed four days later, and the joint measures taken include the patrolling of the open shipping lines by a mixed force of sixty French and British destroyers, supplemented by aircraft, and a closer guard inside territorial waters by the other contracting nations.

Russia is not providing any patrol vessels. Neither side in Spain was invited to the conference. Germany and Italy refused to attend, and Albania, now in Italy's pocket, did not reply to the invitation. Italy absented herself out of anger with Russia, who insinuated that the offending submarines were Italian. Germany, with no direct interest in the Mediterranean, is of opinion that the counter-piracy measures should have been referred to machinery already set up for such purposes, namely, the Non-intervention Committee of the League.

Italy already regrets her boycott of Nyon. The disproportionate allotment of the Adriatic and the Tyrrhenian Sea to her supervision, and the display of strong Anglo-French naval forces off her shores in peace-time, combine a subtle stroke of diplomacy with a strong new assertion of Entente rights in the dangerous sea, and Mussolini is offended again.

* * *

Germany's insistence on the withdrawal of the Berlin correspondent of the English "Times," is regarded as a reprisal for the deportation of three German journalists from England. These men had infringed no principle in their professional capacity, but had busied themselves in Nazi propaganda activities, and undesirable sidelines. These incidents are the cause of further pinpricks.

Herr Hitler's open demand for the return of colonies at Nuremburg on the last day of the Nazi Congress leads one to suspect that England, through the agency of Mr. Chamberlain, may now relent, and be prepared to look with less hostility on these claims. If so, she will find it difficult to appease South Africa.

Anyone with experience of Africa knows very well, that though in the distant past Germany may have been ruthless in the suppression of rebellion, the natives have as much time for her as for the British. In fact, the Bantu races see very little difference between German and British administration, while they have no time at all for certain other types of Europeans, or South Africans, for that matter. The truth should be known of such things. The writer, once in command of a platoon of

German Askari (native soldiers), captured from Von Lettow's force, will always remember the confession of these men, that they preferred the Germans, though their discipline was a bit harsher.

* * *

Another interesting aspect of the Nuremburg meeting was the publication of a map showing Ireland, along with other democratic countries as susceptible to Bolshevism. This should give us a fair idea of the workings of the German one-track mind, to which everything not completely Nazi is inimical.

Art, too, has been recently attacked in Germany, and any modern expression in painting is considered decadent. Artists with such tendencies are so bad for German culture that it has been suggested they should be prevented from becoming parents by the official application of drastic measures.

The Rotary Club movement is the latest institution to be put outside the Pale of German civilisation, because of its alleged toleration of Jews and Masons.

In Northern Germany the annual combined fighting services manoeuvres now taking place show a strength in war material and man power unequalled since the great war.

In Danzig, the Nazi oppression of the Poles has eased somewhat. Germans in Poland are better treated. The let-up in Danzig is due to the German hope of a closer bond with Poland, a country as vast as Germany. Poland's thirty million inhabitants act as a buffer between Russia and Germany, and its neutrality is essential to peace in Europe.

Most people now agree that Danzig should never have been taken from Germany to be made into a free port. Mr. Sean Lester, it will be remembered, had the difficult and thankless task of its administration for many years.

* * *

Czechoslovakia mourns the loss by death of her famous founder and first president, Dr. T. C. Masaryk, who joined Czechs and Slovenes to form a republic, which is the main stronghold of democracy in Central Europe.

Czechoslovakia is a member nation of the Little Entente, which, despite recent iteration of common interests, is shaken by Yugo-Slavia's leaning towards Italy. Roumania is the third member. Czechoslovakia is very worried herself owing to her geographical position between the Dictator states, and also to the fact that three millions of her population are inspired by German ideals.

In China, the Japanese forces in the North have advanced south to a line lying roughly east and west between Tientsin and Tatung.

The extent of the front is about two hundred and fifty miles, and the Japanese immediate objective is the control of the railway systems outward south and west from Peking.

To effect this more rapidly, further invasions of the coast line between Tientsin and Shanghai may be expected.

At Shanghai, the greatest metropolis of the East, Japan's objective is to cripple the enormous trade of the Yangtse river, regardless of other foreign interests. The Chinese are putting up a stiff resistance, but Japan has not yet shown her full military power. Taking the proximity of a hostile Russia into consideration, it will be interesting to see to what extent Japan will commit her invading forces in China.

Both the U.S.A. and Canada find themselves in a peculiar position *vis-à-vis* the Sino-Japanese conflict. America has been lending gold to China for some time past for the purchase of war materials from U.S. manufacturers, yet America is bound by her own laws to prohibit the export of any arms to belligerent nations.

In accordance with this principle of neutrality, President Roosevelt has made the first move by forbidding Government vessels from transporting arms to either China or Japan. Other ships may do so at their own risk.

* * *

Canada's vastly increased trade with Japan may also become subject to neutrality legislation, for she is accused by the executive of the Co-operation Commonwealth Federation of having, in fact, become part of Japan's war machine.

A pretty state of affairs where morals do not enter.

Doctor Salazar, the Portuguese Prime Minister, hit the nail on the head in an address on foreign relations when he stated that certain peoples have lost, by a lamentable retrogression, the moral values common to civilised men. Big business seems to be the only morality.

American foreign policy is not above criticism. The Americans are an honourable people. They fathered the League of Nations. They do not like the Ottawa trade agreements between the members of the Commonwealth. They like to be free to make trade agreements of their own with any member of the Commonwealth. At the same time, they dislike any serious commitments in European affairs. They are not a member of the League, and they are not much interested in any world peace conference.

In short, they deprive the League of the weight of their powerful influence to prevent wars, and yet they want every possible peace-time plum.

* * *

Canada is much nearer to the U.S.A. than most Britishers would care to admit. Her foreign policy reflects that ; though it is peculiarly her own, owing to her racial composition, her geographical position, and her early entry into international affairs before she achieved national unity.

She is not very sympathetic to the League, the isolationist policy of the U.S.A. being more to her liking. She welcomed the change from Empire to Commonwealth, and now begins to regard herself primarily as a North American nation, and secondarily as a member of the Commonwealth, and thus defined sees herself as the obvious and most effective bond between Britain and America.

For these reasons she attaches no great importance to Imperial defence, and her sole naval contribution is limited to two or three destroyers. America will protect her.

South Africa is another member of the Commonwealth which does not seem to be playing the game according to the British rules. To-day her Prime Minister, General Hertzog, is a very angry man. His influence, combined with that of General Smuts, focusses the attention of South Africans on the possibility of a vast independent Republic from the Zambesi to the Cape—a territory about as large as British India.

Hertzog's claim to the three protectorates within this area has been turned down by Britain, and he has gone so far as to resort to threats. A considerable section of South Africans support his Republican policy. They dislike the idea of being drawn into another war on the side of Britain. They look with disfavour on any mutual linking up in a defence scheme, and insist on their right to neutrality. They loathe the pre-war mentality now being resurrected in Europe, and though they are disappointed in its failures they remain strong supporters of the League, and they deplore America's absence from that body.

Senator Mahon, in an address given at Chatham House on June 15th, laid stress on the attitude of mind of this section of his countrymen by saying : " If they did not approve of the reason for Britain's going to war, they would take no part in the war, nor would they assist Great Britain in any way. They would refuse to harbour British ships."

JOHN LUCY

IRELAND AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH, 1931-37

By JAMES HOGAN

FROM the standpoint of British law there was nothing to prevent a hostile Irish government from cutting the ground from under the entire treaty settlement through the instrumentality of the Statute of Westminster. In this view the treaty and constitution were simply British Acts of Parliament. The powers conferred by the Statute of Westminster on the Dominions implied that the Dominions could, if they wished, make a clean sweep of British Acts of Parliament in so far as they were affected by them. Therefore the Irish Free State Dominion could get rid of treaty and constitution by the simple expedient of repealing the British Acts of Parliament of March and December, 1922 in which the treaty and constitution were contained. The possibility of being thus paid back in their own legal currency, in terms of which the treaty settlement had depreciated to next to nothing, caused the British government to bring forward a proposal at the Imperial Conference of 1930 for the exclusion of the Irish Free State from the benefit of the Statute. The Dominions were unanimous in rejecting the British proposal which they regarded as objectionable not only because the Irish representatives, first Mr. O'Higgins and later Mr. McGilligan, had exercised a decisive initiative in the making of the Statute, but also because such discrimination against the Irish Free State would be a flagrant contravention of the principles of autonomy and equality upon which the Statute itself rested. The Dominions stood by their fellow-member in refusing to abet the British government in what would have been in any event tantamount to a breach of the first article of the treaty by which Ireland had been guaranteed equality of status with the Dominions.

Next year when the Statute was debated in the House of Commons a group of right-wing conservatives, led by Mr. Winston Churchill, again attempted to have the Statute amended in such a way as to place the treaty settlement beyond the range of its operation. Having had to abandon a similar proposal at the Imperial Conference of the previous year, the hands of the British government were in fact tied. Making a virtue of necessity, the government spokesman seized on the assurance which had been conveyed in a letter from Mr. Cosgrave to the British Prime Minister that in the eyes of the Irish government the treaty was an agreement which could only be altered by consent in order to bring forward the theory of the treaty which was to do duty during the constitutional controversy with Mr. de Valera. The new theory, which only emerged gradually, was supported by many fallacies and much confused thought. Coming from any other quarter, it would have been promptly condemned as bordering on casuistry. It was an attempt to combine a contractual theory of the treaty with the old statutory one in such a way that the British government could appeal to one or other as the occasion required. Clearly, in view of the legal powers of the Irish Free State under the Statute of Westminster it was no longer possible to stand over the treaty and the constitution exclusively in their character as British Statutes. It was precisely because they were British Statutes that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council subsequently found that, under the powers of the Statute of Westminster, the Irish Free State was within its legal rights in repealing them. Nevertheless, the British government took some years to wake up fully to the fact that the treaty had no longer any firm foundation in British law. This much, however, they did realise clearly from 1931, that insistence upon the strictness of the law was calculated to be a double-edged weapon.

The apprehensions of the British were realised sooner than they anticipated. In 1932, Mr. de Valera came to power and immediately started on the programme of constitutional reform

which reached its logical end with the elimination of the last vestige of the Crown from the internal affairs of the State in 1936. The new Constitution means that there can be no going back on that position. In the arguments advanced by the British in the course of the controversy on the constitutional issues (the dispute over the annuities was of course quite another matter) the notion of moral and legal obligations, acts of parliament and political agreements, freedom and compulsion, exchange roles with a bewildering disregard of the rules of logic as well as of the facts of history. Whereas formerly there had only been one, there are now two strings to the British bow. The treaty is represented as possessing a twofold character, being from one point of view an Act of the British Parliament, and in that sense legally binding on the Irish Free State alone, and from another point of view a contractual agreement between the British and Irish governments, and in that sense morally binding equally on both. However, British spokesmen continued to avoid the fundamental question of the source of the ultimate validity of the treaty. Did it lie in the sphere of British law or in the sphere of political agreement or was it in both? What is logically implied in the British argument is that the treaty derived its validity from an interdependence—which they have never attempted to define—between the factors of British law and inter-state agreement.

All these difficulties were due to the initial identification of the treaty with a British Act of Parliament, from the consequences of which the British, now that it no longer suited them, sought to escape by bringing forward the self-contradictory proposition that it was both. For an Act of the British Parliament in the meaning attached to it in English political theory is incompatible with the notion of contract or agreement. It is a commonplace that the British Parliament can change any law by ordinary legislation, and cannot deprive itself of the freedom to do so. On the other hand, it takes two to make a contract or agreement, and the freedom of one party to alter

the agreement depends on the consent of the other. To speak of the treaty transaction as being at one and the same time an Act of the British Parliament and a contractual agreement between Great Britain and Ireland is to ignore the fact that one excludes the possibility of the other. As soon as this contradiction is exposed, the whole British case collapses in logic. But, unfortunately, logic is not one of the compelling forces in the relations of men or of nations.

The premises of the British argument are so abstract that it is better, I think, to translate them into practical terms. The British government continued to maintain from 1932 to 1935 that the Irish Free State was shut out from the enlargements of Dominion status achieved since 1922 whenever the limitations which existed at that date were written into the treaty. In other words, Irish status was imprisoned and double-locked within the terms in which the treaty incorporated the contemporary status of the Canadian Dominion of 1922, so that only by agreement between the British and Irish governments could access be had to the treaty or constitution and any of their terms changed. From this the British concluded that the Statute of Westminster was conditioned by the terms of the treaty; its powers were not available to the Irish Free State, and any use made of them, directly or indirectly, for the purpose of varying the terms of treaty or Constitution was to be condemned equally on legal and moral grounds.

A decision of the Privy Council on the 6th June, 1935, made it impossible for the British government to persist in the twofold legal and moral argument which it had been employing against Mr. de Valera's amendments of the constitution. The Privy Council relentlessly applied the full British legalistic doctrine of the treaty regardless of the fact that its effect would be to cut the ground from under the position on which the government had taken its stand in the constitutional controversy with Mr. de Valera. Interpreting the treaty, the constitution, and the Statute of Westminster simply as successive Acts of the British

Parliament, the Judicial Committee found that the Statute of Westminster "gave to the Irish Free State a power under which they could abrogate the treaty, and that, as a matter of law, they had availed themselves of that power." Reference was made to the contractual, as distinct from the legal, quality of the treaty, though the Privy Council did not develop the point, and indeed, it may be supposed, would have found some difficulty in developing it. For it is impossible to see how on the Privy Council's own assumption that the treaty and constitution derived their validity from British Acts of Parliament, there could be any room for contractual obligations in connection with them. Following on the Privy Council's decision, the British government had perforce no choice but to appeal exclusively to the character of the treaty as a contract which would only be altered by mutual agreement. Thus fourteen years after the signing of the treaty the British official view had come to approximate to the Irish view at least to the extent of regarding agreement as its essential element. The nature of the agreement was still in question. The spokesmen of the British government could not bring themselves to eat their own words and concede the full Irish claim, namely, that the treaty was in the strictest sense an engagement in international law.

If the Anglo-Irish agreement is not an international one, what species of agreement do the British hold it to be? British jurists, coming to the rescue of their government, have variously characterised the Anglo-Irish treaty or agreement as a "quasi-international," "domestic," "inter-imperial," contract or agreement. The expression "quasi-international" is a polite evasion, since it merely tells us that the Anglo-Irish agreement is in appearance but not in reality an international agreement. It gets us no nearer to an understanding of the type of agreement the British believe it to be. The term "domestic" goes a little further by implying that the Anglo-Irish agreement is to be ruled definitely out of the category of international agreements.

By successive approximations we arrive at Professor Berriedale Keith's description of the transaction as an "inter-imperial compact." Just as it takes two international entities to enter into a treaty or agreement of international relations, so also two entities are required for an agreement of inter-imperial relations. The obvious objection to Professor Keith's classification is that from the British point of view Ireland did not form an imperial entity at all in 1921, but was as much an integral part of the United Kingdom as was Scotland or Wales. And even if it should be admitted—and it is only admitted by way of illustration—that the effect of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, was to make Ireland an imperial unit (actually "Ireland" was an entity unknown to British law, in fact its first and so far its only appearance has been in the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921), there remains the further objection that in 1921 imperial relations had not developed to a point at which contractual relations between the Imperial government and a subordinate government were possible.

The following passage from R. T. E. Latham's recent analysis of "The Law and the Commonwealth" brings out the point clearly: "This agreement (the Anglo-Irish agreement) certainly has, among other qualities, the quality of convention as between the parties to it; but it was concluded before the generalization of the conventions of Dominion status in 1926 first established the general character of the Commonwealth as a voluntary association of equals, and thereby first rendered conventions fundamental to the association possible. Breaches of the Treaty are accordingly merely breaches of a private bilateral "contractual" arrangement, not of the multilateral fundamental conventions establishing the status of a member of the Commonwealth as such."

Here we have what may be accounted the last word of British jurisprudence on the status of the Anglo-Irish treaty, according to which it appears that the treaty is neither a treaty of international relations nor even of imperial relations; it is a "private,

bilateral, 'contractual' arrangement," which, in plain prose, means that it is a private contract which was originally made between members of the British government and five of His Majesty's subjects from across the Irish Channel. They came together and agreed to set up an Irish State by the same right as under other circumstances they might have agreed to set up a Limited Liability Company. For this theory the distinction between private and public acts, between public acts and acts of state, has ceased to exist. Everything resolves itself in terms of British Common Law, the presumption being that by a private transaction of the kind recognised in English Common Law (which on principle never is at a loss for an answer) Ireland was sundered from the United Kingdom, transformed into a semi-sovereign state, and inter-state obligations of a moral and political quality created between Ireland and Great Britain. In this version it is the mouse that gives birth to the mountain. Professional pride requires that jurists should never be at a loss for an answer. Their difficulty in finding an answer in the present instance proves the impossibility of reconciling the Irish and British theories of what happened in 1921 in terms of a supposed "quasi-international," "domestic," "inter-imperial," or private contract. The foundation of the Irish Free State was either an instance of devolution by the British Parliament or else it was the outcome of revolution and treaty. Clearly, it could not be both.

During the controversy with the British government Mr. de Valera could, of course, quite easily have turned the legal weapons of successive British governments against their owners by insisting that the treaty and constitution, regarded as British Acts of Parliament, were, since 1931, open to be varied at any time the Irish legislature might see fit to vary them. It would have been the easy course to take, and in taking it Mr. de Valera would have been countenancing his former low estimate of the treaty, and at the same time would have had the satisfaction of paying back the British in their own coin. If he wisely declined

to take this course, presumably one of the reasons was that by appealing to the British legal theory, if only with the object of turning its edge against the British, the Irish government would in some measure have accepted by implication the validity of that theory. There would have been a certain cynicism in making use of the principle of British Parliamentary supremacy, which we have always denied, as a means of vindicating the one principle on which nationalists have always agreed, the principle of national sovereignty.

The fact of the matter was, as Mr. de Valera was well aware, that we did not need to have recourse to weapons from the armoury of the British Parliament or British legalism. All the arms needed for the achievement of full internal sovereignty were available to us as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Since 1926 the basis of the modern Commonwealth relationship has been equality, and equality demanded that the status of the Irish Free State should not be in any degree inferior to the status of Great Britain itself. The Privy Council's decision on the 6th June, 1935, made it impossible for the British government to persist in the argument, according to which the Irish Free State lay becalmed, untouched by the winds which, since 1922, had filled the sails of the other Dominions and carried them most of the way to sovereignty. This doctrine was, however, very much alive in the crucial stages of the controversy from 1932 to 1935. In 1921, the Anglo-Irish treaty, by its first article, expressly prescribed for Ireland the same status as the Dominions, and in 1922 its Constitution provided that it should be a "co-equal member of the Community of Nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations." Notwithstanding these provisions, the British government continued to maintain from 1931 to 1935 an attitude which refused Ireland equal rights with the Dominions, and which, as a critic caustically said in the House of Commons, meant that "Irish nationhood was, as it were, put into cold storage at the 1921 temperature."

British historians rightly point to the 1926 conference as marking the real turning point in the emancipation of the Dominions. From this date the Dominions had in convention complete equality of status. All are equal in theory and the conventions necessary to translate theory into practice are implied, which, according to the latest British authority, is to be taken to mean that, "where laws create inequality of status, they are to be so administered by all parties as to give substantial equality in fact." The way of advance from inequality to equality was a conventional, as distinguished from a legal process, that is to say, the Dominions did not depend on British law for the acquisition of new powers, but obtained them through the working out of the principles of autonomy and equality which had been declared by the Imperial Conference of 1926, and developed at subsequent Conferences in 1929 and 1930. The change in the position of the Governor-General in the Commonwealth which had been effected at the Imperial Conference in 1926, whereby the Governor-General became the direct representative of the Crown, occupying the same position in relation to the government of the Dominion as the King occupied in Great Britain, and the right which Dominion governments acquired at the same time to be the sole advisors of the Crown in the appointment of Governor-General are typical examples of the way in which Dominion status was being enlarged by constitutional declarations, or conventions as the rules of Commonwealth association are called. It was for the individual Dominions to take the next step, and, if they wished, to translate the conventions of Commonwealth status into their municipal law or alternatively to eliminate from their municipal law such institutions as their growth rendered extraneous or obsolete. As regards the development of its internal sovereignty, whenever the development was clearly founded on Commonwealth convention or constitutional declaration the Irish Free State, like the other Dominions, was automatically relieved from any obligation which might be held to

exist under the treaty to consult or obtain the permission of the British government. There was no reason why Great Britain should be consulted any more than South Africa where rights common to all were concerned. For example, from 1926 to 1931, the Irish Government drastically cut down the position of the Crown in Irish affairs without taking into account British susceptibilities in the matter.

The real issue in the constitutional controversy between the Irish and British governments since 1932 is inseparable from the wider issue whether the principles of autonomy and equality, formulated with an almost mystical fervour at successive Imperial Conferences, are a reality, or only a camouflage for the old compulsory imperialism. If autonomy, equality and allegiance were to be in fact the guiding principles of the new Commonwealth, there was nothing in the treaty to prevent the Irish Free State from making its internal sovereignty as absolute as that of Great Britain itself.

The real bearing of the controversy was obscured by the fact that, both in Ireland and in England, Mr. de Valera's opponents were predisposed to see in every move of his, that destruction of the treaty which they believed to be inseparable from his ultimate objective of a Republic. Allowing for the normal play of prejudice incident to party politics, the reactions of the Opposition in the Dail to the controversy on the constitutional issues, must remain nevertheless a matter for surprise and regret to any disinterested spectator. Coming from a party which, when in office, had contributed so decisively to the increase in power of the Dominions, the objections offered by Mr. Cosgrave and by most of the members of his party to the legislation for the removal of the oath, etc., betrayed a tendency to minimise the range of these powers which can only be explained on the assumption of an inveterate party prejudice. The history of Ireland ought to be sufficient warning that this inability to rise above party and personal prejudices has been a recurring disaster in all political movements and in all periods of our modern history.

It is now admitted on all hands that by the year 1931 the treaty position was different in actuality and in potentiality from what it had been when it was originally made. And in so far as anything in the treaty—or, *via* the treaty, in the constitution—derived from status, it was open to the Irish government to make a revision and bring the treaty settlement up to date in accordance with the new position which had resulted from the application of the principles of autonomy and equality to the Commonwealth.

To take but one example. Although the terms of the treaty prescribed the oath of allegiance to be taken by members of Parliament, parliamentary oaths had ceased to be a condition of Dominion status. The South African Parliament could, for example, abolish the parliamentary oath by direct act, and in any interpretation of the status of equality what South Africa could do the Free State was likewise entitled to do. Most British jurists have come round to this point of view. "It is now quite clear—although it was by no means agreed at the time——" writes Professor Hancock, "that Mr. de Valera had in strict law a very strong case for his Removal of Oath Bill. If it be granted that the oath and allegiance are not so bound together that the refusal of the one is destructive of the other, and if the oath is regarded not as a stipulation but as resting upon status, it is easy to justify its removal."

The distinction Professor Hancock draws between "stipulations" and "status" touches the essence of the treaty of 1921. Among treaties it was exceptional in as much as it embodied the identity of the Irish Free State, and therefore was designed to work mainly through status and not by way of stipulation as treaties normally do. In consequence of the first article of the treaty, which equated status with Dominion status, we have gradually outgrown the treaty itself. On the other hand, the Harbour and other defence provisions in articles 6 and 7 are stipulations, unconnected with status, which cannot be outgrown. They remain intact and even secession from the

Commonwealth would leave them intact in as much as regarded from the Irish point of view, they form a part of an international engagement between the two countries, and what is not less important, we may be sure that they are precisely the provisions on which Great Britain would be prepared to insist in practice.

What is likely to happen when, and if, the Irish State categorically repudiates the common allegiance to the Crown? The question is hard to answer. Commonwealth historians of all schools of thought hold that the attributes of autonomy and equality have not swallowed up allegiance. They see in allegiance a necessary condition of Commonwealth cohesion, and find it hard to believe that a member could remain a member if it utterly disavowed the common Crown. But they appear to be at a loss when it comes to defining the minimum requirement of allegiance or the precise content of the obligation which it imposes upon members of the Commonwealth.

An English authority recently described the Crown as a fictitious entity, which, like any other fictitious entity, exists only to have arbitrary meanings given to it. The Common Crown, then, is what the Dominions declare it to be, but since it is left in great measure to the discretion of the separate dominions to do this, the meaning of allegiance varies arbitrarily from Dominion to Dominion. The Irish Free State for example, has reduced the Crown to a point of contact on the periphery of its relations with its fellow members. The Irish position is a perfectly logical application of the principles of equality and autonomy to the principle of allegiance. It chooses one solution; Great Britain chooses another. Both are equally entitled to work out the equation in their own way. There is no use in denying, however, that in the eyes of most of its fellow members, the position of Ireland in the Commonwealth appears anomalous. And this is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Irish attitude towards the Crown is not merely negative, as it largely is in South Africa, but is so positively hostile as to be scarcely distinguishable from repudiation. What then

would be likely to happen if Ireland, having now eliminated the Crown from its internal affairs, were to refuse to recognise the Crown in its relations with Great Britain and the other members of the Commonwealth? It might well be that nothing would happen. It is true that on general principles, one would expect the members of the Commonwealth to expel a member who thus rejected one of the three essential rules of the association. But would they do so if it came to the point? It follows from the equal and consequently multilateral character of the Commonwealth relationship established in 1926 that the expulsion of an existing member as well as the admission of a new member requires the consent of all. Could they all be got to agree? The opinion of an English jurist is perhaps the best opinion on this matter: "Since the Commonwealth is in convention a voluntary association, it may be said that the sanction for breach of fundamental convention is exclusion from the Commonwealth association. But even this is not sufficiently precise, for the Commonwealth association is notoriously elastic, and things are now tolerated and approved in Dominions which not long ago would have been quite incompatible with imperial loyalty. There is, then, no sure test of the fundamental quality of a Commonwealth convention other than the behaviour of the Commonwealth as a whole when confronted with a breach of it, and that is not predictable with any accuracy."

Ireland's present position in the Commonwealth *but not of it* is unsatisfactory for a great many reasons, and, since it is impossible to conceive of any solution in which the Irish nation would be prepared to take the British monarchy to its heart, the situation must necessarily resolve itself either in a new type of relationship or else in secession. At no time since 1931 has there been any possibility that Great Britain would actively oppose Irish secession. To try to do so would be to set the whole Commonwealth by the ears. In the first place, Great Britain would have to reckon with the opposition of South Africa where

the right of secession, established as a legal right in 1934, is regarded as the outward sign of her freedom. In the second place, the members of the Commonwealth are declared in the charter of association of 1926 to be "freely associated," and any attempt on Great Britain's part to establish a precedent to the contrary would almost certainly meet with determined opposition from Canada as well as South Africa.

As early as 1922 such an eminent authority on British constitutional law as Professor Berriedale Keith asked the question: "Is not the Constitution of the British Commonwealth elastic enough to include a Republic?" Some months previous, the British Prime Minister had threatened the Irish plenipotentiaries with "immediate and terrible war" if they did not accept allegiance to the Crown and membership of the British Commonwealth. The Irish plenipotentiaries were in the best position to judge whether the British government was in earnest or was only bluffing. Satisfied that the British were prepared to make good the threat of war, the Irish representatives had then to reckon with the possibility that Ireland's inevitable military defeat would be followed by the general collapse of the revolutionary movement. If they were right in thinking that the negotiation was at breaking point when the British Prime Minister delivered his ultimatum, the Irish representatives were surely right in their estimate of the situation as a whole. The crucial point is whether the negotiations were about to be broken off by the British government. The answer is possibly to be found in the archives of the British government, and, if so, will come to light when they are published. The historical fact is, however, that the British government refused a Republic in 1921, and so far as the evidence at our disposal goes, there are no grounds for supposing that the British government was prepared at any time in 1921 to contemplate a Republican solution. The terms of the problem are radically different now from what they were then, so much so that one might reasonably say that what we lost in 1921, or to be more

precise, what we failed to gain in 1921, was not so much the Republic as the Six Counties of Ulster. The alternative to the Republic is no longer war as it was in 1921. The alternative is not likely to be anything more terrible than a remonstrance addressed more in sorrow than in anger by the British government to the government of the Republic. The British government will naturally demand the guarantees which it considers essential to the security of the trade and food supplies of the British Isles, but, we may be sure, will not gratuitously provoke Irish hostility at a time when the British Empire stands in graver peril than any in which it has stood since Napoleon wheeled his armies eastwards from the English Channel in 1805. The Dominions have grown up and are free to go their separate ways. Great Britain has lost the power and perhaps even the inclination to restrain them.

The transformation of the Commonwealth of Nations into a voluntary association of equal nations is thus an accomplished fact. And in the light of the altered situation of Great Britain and Ireland the question whether the Commonwealth is wide enough to include an Irish Republic assumes immediate and practical significance. The obstacles are psychological and political. So far the British monarchy and the monarchical symbolism continue to be regarded as fundamental to the cohesion of the association. There is the strength of the monarchical tradition in Great Britain, where it has become the national substitute for religion, unlike Northern Ireland where it is still a strictly business proposition, and the difficulty which would be experienced in adjusting the form of Commonwealth association to any other kind of régime. A crisis or series of crises is the most likely way in which a change in the position of the monarchy may come about. The change would of course automatically be brought about by the accession of a Republican government in Great Britain itself. But there does not seem to be one chance in a million of that happening. Or would a crisis of lesser magnitude such as the declaration

of a Republic in South Africa be a sufficient incentive to change? A South African Republic is not beyond the bounds of practical politics, but since South Africa would probably use the Republic as a short cut out of the Commonwealth, it may well be that in the end Ireland will prove the real test of the Commonwealth's adaptability to Republican institutions.

In that event the question will be whether the Commonwealth association is prepared to put up with a Republic and win Ireland's lasting friendship rather than let her go. A question one commonly hears is why we should not be content as we are, why we should object to adopting the British monarchy and the monarchical symbolism, coronations and the rest? To adopt them in the only way in which they can be honestly adopted, that is, from the heart, is to merge our historical tradition in that of Great Britain. To adopt the British symbolism as a mere formality, regarding it as a fetish, an empty shell, is to set a low estimate on the integrity and intelligence of the Irish people, since it ignores the truth that a symbol is not a fetish, but the vital food of the imagination. The vision of a nation perishes with its symbols. What our "practical men" believe to be realism might more accurately be described as utilitarianism without foresight or hindsight. The Irish case for independence goes by the board the day we consent to merge our history in the history of Great Britain. The symbols of British history are not ours. The associations of loyalty and power and splendour which they evoke in the English mind are alien to us. They evoke only the ancient evil which has made our political history a barren and lamentable story.

JAMES HOGAN

TOWARD A JUST SOCIAL ORDER

By JAMES DEVANE

CERTAIN things strike one who works among the poor and knows intimately the life of the poor. And by the poor I mean the distressed poor, those on the relief, on the dole. Those who live on the outer limit of subsistence, the aged and indigent infirm, and that great crowd who toil in unskilled or casual employment.

First : We note the inhuman, not to say unchristian state in which many live. Six, seven, eight sleep in one room. Perhaps a man and his wife, grown boys and girls sleep together. All the offices of nature are done of necessity in that one room.

Second : Here where one would expect men and women to be almost bestial we find that the poor are refined, delicate, gracious and are as gentle folk as one would find in any layer of society.

Third : You might expect to find the poor morose, sullen, bitter, resentful, enemies of society. Quite the contrary. They are happy, cheerful, contented and are ever thankful for most trivial kindness.

Fourth : One notices the Irish poor are religious, intensely religious, spiritual, intensely spiritual. For their numbers and for the conditions in which they live undoubtedly they are the most spiritual element of Irish society.

And with that another strange thought comes on you. If the Dublin poor abandoned religion, as the proletariat over vast belts of Europe have abandoned religion, materially they would fare better. In that event they would become bolshevik or anarchist, and society in self-defence would be forced to improve their lot.

Fifth : You will find the poor are careless, feckless, thriftless. They do not live from week to week, from day to day. They

live from meal to meal. They are thriftless. They will never untie where they can tear, never unloose the bolt that they can force. The poor are fearless. Death for them has no terrors. Life is a link in an endless chain. Death is but a sleep, a forgetting, and an awakening in a better world, where all the wrongs of this world will be righted. The poor are care-free. Those worries which oppress the half of men, savings, debts, social ambitions, prestige, security, of these the poor reckon nothing.

Sixth : It was a profound thought of the old Greek philosopher: "the poor have no desires, they have but wants." Thus is it with the Irish poor. So that their humble needs and necessities be supplied, they are not envious of others' riches.

Seventh : One notices the anarchy of our modern life, a society that is drifting without direction or governance. Here are people in tens of thousands on the edge of subsistence and a few miles away are fields lying fallow. Here are crowds leaning against corners, doing nothing, from month to month, and year to year. Over there are mountainy lands crying for forests, marsh lands to be drained.

Thousands of families live in one-room habitations. Society needs thousands of workers to demolish slums, and build new habitations. Yet the men and women of these slums are subsidised and sustained by the state to do nothing. Here in one room you will find a father bathing the children, or cooking the dinner—the wife is at work. There in another room a widow lies sick. The son dresses the younger children and prepares the dinner. Two young girls of this same family are at work in a factory.

You can scarcely go down the stairs. The landings are littered with boys and men, sixteen, nineteen, twenty-two years, playing cards. You have before your eyes the evidence of a society that has lost its balance, that is anarchic, neurotic, that is heading for a crash.

I.—PRELIMINARY.

Before you do anything to better the social life you must formulate a philosophy. You must decide first :

- (a) the society to which your philosophy will apply ;
- (b) the frontiers within which it will operate ;
- (c) the political instrument you will use to enforce your philosophy.

We are in Ireland and we are Irish. We naturally propose to enforce within Ireland an Irish social philosophy. I will say at once it is impossible. We are confined to twenty-six counties. We are confined to Irish society in twenty-six counties. Our task will be made the harder because the political instrument, the parliament, will be weakened. And our social policy will be more difficult to enforce because the political issue will cut across the social question, and political discontent may be heaped on top of social discontent. The instrument, the parliament, cannot act with the same precision, authority, and edge that it would employ in a normal nation founded on national sanctions.

II.—A PHILOSOPHY OF IRISH SOCIAL LIFE.

I would propose four basic foundations for a philosophy of Irish social life :

- (1) IS RELIGION A GOOD THING FOR IRISH SOCIETY, OR IS IT A BAD THING?

If it be a good thing, enrich it, ennoble it, purify it, incorporate it into your social philosophy, and your economic life. Criticise it. Ask those who are the trustees of religion whether the social form be consonant with the social philosophy, the life with the gospel. Season religion with the saving salt of Charity. I can imagine nothing worse for any institution, religious or lay, than that it should be allowed to lie fallow in torpor and ease, immune from question or criticism.

If religion be a bad thing for society; destroy it. For it must be so. One cannot treat with indifference a force that has cut

to the marrow of every people, ancient and modern. It is not for example, a matter of supreme importance to society whether it has a daily press. Many great societies have existed without a daily press, and much noble literature has been written by men who never read a daily newspaper, Shakespeare, to name only one. But no society has existed for long without a religion. That then is the first question to be answered: will your society have a religion, or not? And in this Europe which will soon be without Europeans, what religion will society have? The christian tradition in which European civilisation is rooted or the new philosophies, liberalism, communism, or fascism? These three, be it noted, are heads of one body. Communism is the natural child of liberalism, and fascism is the natural reaction of society to communism. Fascism did not come first and communism did not come later. Communism was the parent of fascism, and the liberal philosophy of the nineteenth century begot both communism and fascism.

(2) IS THE INSTITUTION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY A GOOD THING,
OR A BAD THING FOR SOCIETY?

If it be a good thing, preserve it, augment it by social convention, custom, by statute and penal enactment. Control one-price stores, multiple shops, travelling vans, price cutters. Grant quotas to manufacturers, break up industry into small units, tax floor space in large emporia, prohibit mail order, encourage labour as co-partners in industry, preserve the small town and the small man, and, above all, augment the granite boulders and cement blocks on which Irish Society reposes—yeomen. Get rid of such tariffs as give little employment, which do but subsidise at the common expense speculative entrepreneurs and create impediments to the normal flow of agricultural produce.

If private property be a bad thing, then destroy it. This may be done in three ways:

- (a) by fostering uncontrolled competition and *laissez faire* economic liberalism—the capitalist society, e.g., England;

(b) by State Socialism : Nationalise all the private property of society ;

(c) by a Communist society.

(3) IS A HIERARCHIC ORDER A GOOD THING OR A BAD THING FOR SOCIETY ?

If it be a good thing, then you will build up a just and lasting hierarchic order. You will build, as every enduring house is built, from the foundation up, not at haphazard or by chance, without formal theory or design. You will build so that your theory of prices, wages, and value is measured from the lowest grade of society up.

If the hierarchic order be a bad thing, then your alternative is not State Socialism. It is Communism. State Socialism presumes a hierarchy of Civil Servants—on widely differing salaries—differing as the salary of the governor of the state bank differs from the pay of an unskilled workman. Communism presupposes absolute communal ownership and communal services and remuneration. It is a classless society, a figment that has never been realised in practice, and since it is dissonant with human nature never will be realised. It is the economic order what pacifism is in the politic, perpetual motion in the physical, or perpetual health in the physiological—a chimera.

(4). IS THE INDIVIDUAL OR THE FAMILY THE BASIS OF SOCIETY ?

If the individual be the basis, then adopt the individual franchise and fashion society after the manner of the nineteenth century liberal philosophy.

If the family be the basis of society recognise it in the traditional old classic fashion, the family councils. Recognise it in your economic tests, and in your municipal or parliamentary franchises, and vocational and group systems.

III.—PRIVATE PROPERTY, SOCIALISM, COMMUNISM.

Socialised property, communised property, municipalised property are not incompatible with the institution of private

property, nor are they incompatible with a society whose character and colour are determined by the great body of citizens possessing private property, and exercising control over the implements of production, distribution and exchange.

Thus, in our present society we have the post office, a nationalised service. The Civil Service is a national service. Our parks, our roads, are, in a sense, communal property. In a society dominated by the character of private property there is room for the development of communal and of socialised property. It is a question whether our railways would not be better nationalised, whether our buses, gas, tramways would not be better administered by trustees for the benefit of Irish society. Whether several of our new industries would not be better so founded, or whether the workers should not partake as profit-sharers or co-owners in these new industries.

Labour and Capital.—It is our misfortune in Ireland that we feel, breathe and live in one atmosphere, and, we think, write and talk in terms of another. We live in an old mediaeval society, Ireland and the Irish. We think in terms of another society—industrial capitalist England.

There is in England a conflict between labour and capital, between the vast mass of Englishmen who are wage or salary earners and a few hundred who control the instruments of credit and near all the instruments of production, distribution and exchange.

There is not such a conflict in Ireland. Do you call a peasant who works on his land, whose wife and children work on the land—a capitalist? At the end of the year he may just be able to make ends meet, have much less in money returns and comfort than a skilled artisan.

Do you call a one-man shopowner who works in his own shop twelve hours a day, whose wife works, who employs a paid assistant (who hopes one day to own a shop), an apprentice and a porter—do you call him a capitalist? At the end of the

year he may only make ends meet, or have but a modest competence saved after a life of toil. These are the backbone and vitals of Irish society.

There is not a conflict between labour and capital in Ireland. There is, if you will, a conflict between labour and small property in Ireland, or, better still, between labour and Irish society. If that be so, put the question in its proper light. And say that labour is not getting from Irish society its due meed. But do not call it a conflict between labour and capital—labour and capital in the English or continental sense.

Society. Religion. Labour.—Neither on the part of Irish society, Irish religion, nor Irish labour can I find any just appreciation of the issues at stake or the solutions necessary to compose the rift.

First, on the part of labour I can find no proper philosophy, of social life. We get wild words about a Workers' Republic, the fascists, the capitalists, but as to concrete formulae and ways I can find only two suggestions:—

- (1) the shortest possible hours;
- (2) the greatest possible wages.

On the part of Irish society, I can find only the desire to haggle and barter, and between the two, labour and society, the greatest possible loss to Irish stability and morale by strikes, lock-outs, and disorganisation on the constitution and humours of society:

On the side of religion, in the catholic press, a bickering and a hair splitting as to terms and definitions, phrase rolling—*Quadragesimo Anno, Rerum Novarum*, a failure to recognise the magnitude of the problem, or justness of the grievance—to what a sub-christian standard of life great masses of the citizens have sunk.

But on no side (whether on the part of Irish religion, Irish labour or Irish society) deep constructive thought, so that all may work together for the enrichment and betterment of Irish social and economic life.

IV.—IRISH SOCIETY AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

And here let us be fair to Irish society. There is on the part of Irish society a general disposition to treat the social problem fairly. A great effort has been made to grapple with poverty and distress. There are pensions, health schemes, hospitals, housing schemes, doles, clinics of all kind. Taxation for social services—income tax, rates, etc., are drastic.

It is not the goodwill of Irish society that is wanting. Rather is it the fever within society that is sickening the organism—the conflict of labour with society, and the absence of a corporate philosophy which will compose the just claims of both and ensure an organic healthy society.

Labour's Three Essentials.—Labour leaders propose three solutions of the social question—More Dole, Bigger Wages, Less Hours. This, I think, is short-sighted. The Irish people cannot get out of society more than they put in. It is to the best interest of property and of labour that the volume of production within Irish society and the wealth created by Irish society be the greatest possible, and then that the distribution of that wealth be equitable.

The solution of the question is not to be found in bigger dole, bigger wages, less hours.

The solution of the question is to be found, first, in the abolition of the dole, in security and constancy of employment ; second, in such a wage as will from the bottom up guarantee frugal comfort to the family on the lowest rung, and third, in such hours of work—great or small—as will enable Irish society out of its resources to maintain a just hierarchic order and just minimum standard of living. We are not a rich society. We have no oil, no mineral wealth. We are not a few million people scattered in a continent like the Australians. We are a small isle of old Europe. Indeed, with our slender resources, I think we may claim we have not done ill.

Irish society has in its control the means necessary to create employment. It has the savings of a thrifty peasantry and

middle class. And it is the duty of Irish society to see these savings are conserved, not squandered, that those employed out of these savings produce fresh capital values—roads, houses, forests, new land; that the purchasing power of the community is increased, so that society, as a whole, prospers.

It would be ideal that this reconstruction of society should take place by voluntary effort from within society. That is not possible. Government—acting for society—must first show the way. Later, government would delegate powers and functions to groups and associations. The aim should ever be to maintain personality and voluntary effort within society, personality and free will in the family, the individual, and the group.

The Political Instrument.—I do not think the party system of government is an instrument fit for the immense task. Party parliamentary democratic government is one of the poorest forms of government ever devised. One would not administer a schoolboys' debating society on this pattern. Party government has broken down all over Europe.

What about England, it may be asked—the mother of Parliaments, Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, Old Mother Hubbard tales, the Bearer of the White Man's Burden, the Policeman of the World? The English have never suffered parliamentary *democratic* government. Anyone with an eye for the essences that lie behind symbols and fictions can see that England was not a parliamentary democratic government in the eighteenth, nineteenth or twentieth centuries.

It was an *oligarchy*. By the consent of society, a few hundred families—Whigs, Tories, Conservatives, and Liberals—governed England in that time. The statesmen of the government side and of the opposition met at week-ends in country houses and determined the foreign policy and the main lines of internal policy. On suffrage, religion, on war and peace, on free trade, on home rule, it was always the same. Fire eating in front of the booth. A whiskey-and-soda and a country house-party

behind. We are not like that. We are democratic. We are politic. Politics is in the blood. Party government is not suited to us.

The Problem.—The Irish have given much to mankind, to Europe, to Asia, Africa, and the New World. Can they give this? Can they conceive a corporate philosophy of society, an organic conception of society, so that in the social organism as in the body physical, each cell, each gland, each member, each viscus will co-operate in full for the life and health of the organism, and draw from the common blood and lymph and tissues sustenance meet for its own nourishment and life?

Can the Irish base that conception of society on democratic foundations—free speech, free criticism, free personality, a popular franchise, and a parliamentary form, purged of the evil of party government? If they can do that, not for the first time will they have deserved well of humanity.

JAMES DEVANE

HOSPITALS AND THE PEOPLE'S NEEDS

By DONAL McCARTHY

WE no longer strew rushes on the floor. Cleanliness now imposes carpet or other covering kept hygienic by electric vacuum-cleaner. The capital cost no less than that of maintenance has increased enormously, but in the name of progress we pay the price. In the early hospital days, before Lister, before Pasteur, when all people hoped for was a fifty-fifty chance, the treatment was free from complexities and the cost of hospital administration and maintenance was exceedingly low compared with modern times. These were just the conditions that scattered hospitals with a humane liberality all over Dublin, which may be taken as the typical as well as, of course, the most important hospital centre in Ireland. And, unfortunately, almost all sprang up between the middle of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries. And there, with the same bricks and mortar, on the same site, unchanging amid ceaseless, violent change, those hospitals stand, monuments of anomalous conservatism. And that is the tragedy of Dublin, as of Ireland, that with so much good intention, there should be such inherent wastage and inefficiency as to nullify it. Our awareness of the problem is due in largest measure to the remarkable work done by the Hospitals Commission, itself called into being through the beneficent instrumentality of the sweepstakes inaugurated and run by Hospitals' Trust, Ltd.

The multiplicity of small hospitals in Dublin is one of the most striking features to the hospital-minded. In other cities, one is used to a large fever hospital outside the city's bounds, a large central infirmary and, perhaps, a few smaller specialised or accident hospitals at strategic or suitable points, but in Dublin, even excluding military hospitals or hospitals for incurables, there are no less than twenty-five. This multiplicity

is now antiquated, costly, inefficient, and, defeating the primary object of all hospitals, namely, the health needs of the people, entirely indefensible.

Improved methods of diagnosis and treatment have caused an enormous increase in the cost of upkeep of the modern hospital. Costly operating theatres are demanded by modern surgical technique and not only one but several. The X-ray rooms, the bio-chemical and pathology laboratories, the advance in dietetics, which increases even the kitchen staffs and takes elaborate electrical installations for granted—all have enormously increased costs of maintenance.

But if so much money must be spent on ensuring the quality of the treatment and the up-to-dateness of the hospital as a teaching clinic, what about the beds? What about the poor, indeed, all but the very wealthiest, who are to be urged in increasing numbers to take treatment at an early stage, so as to eliminate the unnecessary death that tardy indecision might bring about outside. That high, that shameful mortality rate is there to be reduced, so what about the beds and their maximum occupancy? For, as the Commission Report points out (and acknowledgment is made of drawing freely upon its valuable pages) it is obvious that a continuing expansion of what is termed the central and special services of a hospital, without a corresponding increase in the number of its beds, must inevitably lead to great wastage. The multiplying of such costly services in each hospital, *practically all of which at present contain too few beds to utilise such services to the full*, has nothing to commend it, and is altogether opposed to the principles of economic administration. For a large group of old hospitals each to try to modernize themselves in the fantastic way described is to attempt the impossible, and now, just a little later than could have been desired, but not too late, is the time to cry a halt. The new must be created, the old inefficient scrapped, and the old that are capable of efficiency with co-ordination, amalgamated.

For efficiency is not merely the ability to effect a cure but the capacity to treat the many and discharge them in the minimum time. This requires segregation in specialised wards according to disease group, and unless the essential sufficiency of beds is provided, together with one efficient unit of special services, the Irish doctor—and he is second to none—labours under impossible disadvantages, which must tend to substitute cynicism or a helpless indifference for the sacrificial, vocational zeal that is latent in all those with brains enough to appreciate the gravity of the problems facing them.

The clinical teaching of the Irish Medical Schools also suffers, first, from a paucity of cases of similar types gathered under the one roof and, secondly, from the sheer waste of time in getting from one hospital to another at different times of the day. If we are to maintain quality, centralised medical teaching is indispensable, and towards this end also the unification or at least greatly increased co-ordination of our three principal Medical Schools, is highly desirable.

Now there is little in what has been outlined above that has not engaged the more active minds of the medical profession for some years past, but inherent in the situation were two great stumbling-blocks: lack of finance, and vested interests. Are these to prove the irresistible force and immovable body? For the way to the complete removal of the first obstacle is now open and clear—this article, by the way, will not have been in vain, if those interested in the furtherance of the sweepstakes are inflamed by a greater zeal for the removal of the existing evils, that their financial success now makes less remote. Must, then, the second be suffered to perpetuate the chronic anomalies and anachronisms in our midst?

Two solutions were explored, one *federation*, the other *amalgamation*. The first, holding out obvious surface advantages, such as avoiding the capital cost of new buildings, whilst at the same time, permitting economy of running by interchange of patients, utilisation of special services such as laboratories,

in common, and combined purchasing, was, nevertheless, turned down completely. This because—(a) the hospitals would in any case require radical structural alterations and the extension of their special service facilities; (b) the hospitals would still be too small for efficient administration, which, especially as to recording and adequate maintenance, would suffer; (c) the number of beds would still be too few and interchange of patients among the federated hospitals would probably prove impracticable. As illustrated elsewhere, a proposed re-organisation of the Mater Hospital, Dublin, at a cost of £80,000 was based on an increase of only *twenty-eight beds*; (d) and, lastly, experience in other countries has shown that the most economic unit is a hospital possessing from five to six hundred beds. (In Dublin, only one has over 200 beds, if one excepts the Dublin Union—now “St. Kevin’s Hospital,” but in no sense fully a hospital.)

The second solution, amalgamation, received exhaustive study from the Commission, but space does not permit a detailed survey of their intensely interesting conclusions. Broadly, and dealing only with general hospitals, their recommendations envisaged three large general hospitals, one on the North side and two on the South, with Jervis Street Hospital as the principal accident hospital in the city and Dr. Steevens’ left its independent status. But the amalgamation of the Mater, with its faulty design, and the Richmond, already three-fourths in decay, upon which they had set such high hopes, was not to be. “Difficulties inherent in the position from the beginning, which it was not possible to overcome,” caused the scheme to be abandoned. These difficulties can be only guessed at by outsiders. Was it because one of these hospitals refused to accept the conditions imposed? Was it in any way due to the fact that the Mater is a proprietary hospital and that a stipulated proportion of the profits would have to find its way back to the General Hospital maintenance? Was it that agreement could

not be reached as to the sharing of the control of administration? Whatever the reason or reasons, and these may be all very wide, one is tempted to feel that where such a unique opportunity offered, the health of the people, the good of the community was surely worth some considerable sacrifice.

Some sacrifice, for instance, was made by that other proprietary hospital, St. Vincent's, when, forgoing their traditional site and *milieu*, they signified their willingness to move to outer suburbs and become one of the two great new hospitals on the South side. The other on the South side is to be a new hospital, amalgamating Sir Patrick Dun's, Mercer's, the City of Dublin, and probably the Meath. But on the North side, it looks as if the Richmond and the Mater must wend their separate ways and, from waste and inefficiency, the people will, as a consequence, have to suffer. But even with this, the solid achievement (so far, in projection only, of course) of a completely new fever hospital in rural surroundings, the Coombe transferred to Cork Street, a completely new all-electric maternity hospital just where it is needed (this is virtually completed) in addition to those already referred to, constitutes a prodigious contribution to hospital advancement in Ireland.

It should be stressed that it is only in Dublin, and, to a less extent, Cork, Limerick and Galway that these complications arise. All over the country, where the existing institutions are state-created and state-controlled, re-organisation and rebuilding are proceeding apace. Is there not something significant here? The Voluntary Hospitals are in difficulties financially, yet intricate problems of administration or financial control bar the way to rational re-organisation. Realising the tremendous worth of these institutions in the past and appreciating that they remain the spearhead of hospital service and instruction, the Commission has been careful not to wound anyone's susceptibilities or add to the growing conflict of opinions. They have perforce been content with compromise, and those of us who know how service is interpreted in Vienna

and other Continental centres alone can realise how great is the loss.

"The Commission has considerable sympathy with the several aspects of the Dublin Board of Assistance claim for hospital extension, but considers that under the circumstances the proposed increase in the Voluntary hospital accommodation is the best method of meeting this demand. This claim is based on the premises that a municipal General hospital would offer the best solution of the Dublin hospital problem, in providing a hospital which would be most readily available to the poor and creating a clinical centre of outstanding value, because of its proximity to the widely various types of cases housed in the adjacent chronic hospitals, and which are rarely seen in an ordinary General hospital. There are, however, many difficulties in the way of its realisation."

These "difficulties" repeatedly recurring, have a sinister sound. It is pointed out that development of St. Kevin's (Dublin Union) as a municipal hospital would probably be "the most logical development," yet, since such development would be at the expense of the voluntary hospitals, it is thought to be ruled out. The especial reason for this would seem to be that "the close connection which exists between the Dublin Medical Schools and the existing Voluntary hospitals, would nullify any attempt to develop a Municipal Hospital as a teaching centre." What is suggested here if not the mailed fist or its half-brother, the hidden hand? Surely, the Commission do not, after their comprehensive survey of all the facts, suggest that the medical profession would not co-operate with—to be blunt, that they would boycott—a municipal hospital, if optimum efficiency were to be thereby achieved?

In concluding with the following quotation, one can read between the lines what the nature of "all the circumstances" must have been to water down the Commission's recommendations, for they bear all the traces of an enforced dilution. One must record one's protest too that such a body, with only the people's good to study and serve, should have to stipulate so fundamental a provision as that "its approval is subject to the Voluntary Hospitals concerned entering into agreements with the Minister *to ensure that the public interest would be*

safeguarded." Not to desire above all things to ensure the public interest would surely be a grave dereliction of elementary duty. Against those capable of such dereliction and prepared to persist in betraying their trust rather than yield, surely *an lámh laidir* of confiscation or suppression is not too minatory an attitude to adopt?

Referring to the proposal that St. Kevin's should be developed as a large, self-contained, municipal general hospital, the Commission states:

"The development of this hospital as the chief hospital and clinical centre in Dublin would, in the Commission's opinion, offer the best alternative to the scheme of General hospital development for Dublin herein recommended, should this scheme for any reason prove unacceptable.

While in view of all the circumstances, the Commission favours the development of the principal Dublin Voluntary Hospitals as against the creation of a Dublin Municipality Hospital, it should be understood that its approval is subject to the Voluntary Hospitals concerned entering into agreements with the Minister to ensure that the public interest would be safeguarded—particularly as regards the ready admission of poor patients."

DONAL MCCARTHY

WINTER

But Winter, wasting flesh to stoic bone,
Freezing the eyeballs in the garish skull,
Must bind and brace the frame his fingers maul,
Tighten grief's grimace to a sterner smile.

These sinews sore and shoulders racked with strain
Harden with lugging at an aching load,
And slavish sorrow stripped and spare may learn
A precise anatomy of the skeleton.

Now Winter sleeps stiffly in a sexton's bed
And the grave lawyer Time reads out his will,
Unlocks the lakes, recalls the exile bird,
Transforms the barren stones to tempting bread.

The sun's bright gold explodes in dazing blue,
Splashing the hollow cheeks' tenebrous drouth,
Buttercup yellow underneath the eye
And honey on the gaunt, ascetic mouth.

D. S. SAVAGE

ANDALUCIA

Dawn in the hills: on the horizon's edge,
Black etched on gray,
Bent toilers.

Noon: Under skies of breathless molten brass,
White houses sleeping.
Siesta !

So evening falls: and the empurpled hills,
Swift darkening, herald
Night's coming.

Enchanted night !
Deep velvet darkness pierced by luminous stars,
While half-perceived blossoms load the air
With fragrance. In the distance far
A guitar throbs, a wailing voice laments
Some vanished hour.

ACHILL, ARRANMORE AND KIRKINTILLOCH

By PEADAR O'DONNELL

There are about two thousand Gaelic speakers who go each year to the Scotch potato fields. About as many more scatter over Britain for general harvesting—this is of course apart from those who go to public works, building and mining. The potato harvesters are the hardest driven section of our people.

Achill and Arranmore are more generally involved in this work than any other areas, for practically every home sends its quota. A lone man rarely goes to the tatie fields. He can earn more navvying, or carrying bricks. But for groups of children the tatie fields are the thing. Before compulsory school attendance until fourteen came in, children of twelve made their way there ; and even yet some such a traffic goes on ; young Mangan was only thirteen.

The economy of the homes from which the harvesters are drawn rests on small holdings and on this Scottish money ; the shops give out the meal and flour which augments the food produced by the farm. The youths set out in June and work until November to pay off the previous winter and spring debts. The rate of pay is 5d. per hour. There is a great deal of broken time. In the early part of the season the squads only work enough to fill the week's orders secured by the potato merchants they serve. That sometimes means the week is finished on Thursday. There is no work and no pay Friday and Saturday. Towards the close of the season, when it is largely a question of getting the fields clean, the weather itself is considerably broken. So full weeks are few.

There is the great keenness in each family group to save as much as possible. Usually one of the girls is family treasurer.

She gets a tight grip on the shillings on pay day and there is a serious, eager budget talk. In the end, what is judged can be spared is put into a registered envelope and sent home. Towards the end of the season the earnings may be hoarded so that later there may be the thrill of counting the savings into the mother's hand. . . . With the aid of the free housing and free potatoes, miracles of saving are achieved. As much as £9 per member of a family have been saved from June to November. If there are three of a family to a party that means £27, and that is a lot of money.

The housing, as I first experienced it, was little changed from what Paddy McGill described. We swept up byres and shook out straw for ourselves. Boys and girls slept in the same open shed. On a farm near Ballintrae our one door dragged in an ooze on the fringe of the midden ; and that in July. There were no bye-laws and proceedings could only be taken under some form of public nuisance laws. There was a procedure which made it possible for the farmer to delay the hearing for a couple of weeks. By that time the squad would have moved on. At Girvan Mains our doss was a shed with one door which moved grudgingly on rusty wheels, and would have been a dangerous door in a fire.

A Housing Agreement providing for separate rooms for men and women and fixing wages was achieved in 1920, thanks to the good offices of Joe Duncan, Secretary to the Scotch Farm Servants' Union. The improvement in housing has, generally speaking, kept up. Duncan succeeded in getting bye-laws introduced here and there. But there are sure to be pretty bad holes yet, especially where the squad is not going to be delayed many days.

One idea lives on with me from the very first day I exploded against a tatie merchant over housing. It is that the whole migrating business, viewed solely as a spectacle of our people in a strange land, is humiliating. It is as important for the self-respect of the nation to put an end to the need for this trek

as it is to separate from the British Empire. But there is little real pride in our governing class.

Instead of facing the problem where it arises, in Achill and Arranmore, we shall probably dodge the issue and merely keep up a call for an inquiry into bothy conditions in Scotland. Some good might come from such inquiry ; although it could prove as feckless as inquiries into basement lettings in Dublin. But the main purpose of these long range inquiries is to give public opinion a feeling that something is being done. And once the ballyhoo of the opening dies down, the affair is about closed. There was a deal of talk after the Arranmore drownings two years ago. But the crossing to Arranmore remains as it was. And life in Arranmore remains as it was, and that is such that this year again when squads arrive home off the last train they will face a night crossing rather than take the price of a night's lodgings out of their savings. It is dangerous to be poor. If thirteen-year-old Mangan had not been poor, he might very well have been safely asleep in Blackrock or Rockwell that night instead of leaping for a window in a burning bothy in Kirkintilloch.

The newspaper headlines cater for a genuine public excitement in the space they give to Kirkintilloch, but the way they do it is part of the technique of governing. They keep us wondering how it happened, was it a match, where was the key, was there a key, why a key, until we are as much caught in the smoke as the would-be rescuers. Startling evidence of the degree of confusion is seen in the conduct of the Mayo Board of Health at its meeting on the day before the ten coffins came home to Achill. The Chairman said it was no part of their duty to place blame. Sean Munnely, T.D., his mind as dark as smoke with sorrow, could only take out his beads and recite a decade of the Rosary . . . An la sin ar a Ciurliú da bhfeichidhe fuil ar Cathbharr . . .

It is unthinkable that all this will not bring forth a real effort to better the conditions in the potato harvesters area at least.

I was very disappointed at the nervousness of Jim Ryan in face of the Achill scheme for tomato and cucumber cultivation last year. A couple of hundred skilled gardeners are available in Achill—they get their training in the Cheshire gardens. They put forward a plan for setting up quarter acre glass houses with heating apparatus, the scheme to rest on the workers' co-operative with government co-operation and representation. The Co-Op. would see that the benefits of the scheme, which would be wider than the wages of the gardeners, were properly distributed. Very experienced and disinterested people came forward eagerly, experts whose word should have encouraged the Minister. But he just couldn't rise to it. Ryan, Aiken, Rutledge, Boland, Derrig, are making an unbelievably bad fist of rural unemployment. The ministers, righteous little boy-scouts, are surrounded by make-believe village debating societies that suffocate them instead of informing them. Picture poor Dev. and Jim Ryan going to the Muinntir na Tíre conference to listen-in to life ! Muinntir na Tíre Conference was as sensitive to life as the old lady that scratched the bed-stock and thought it was her thigh.

If only make-believe could be swept aside from such efforts as are being made : Take the much-talked-of cottage industry, for example. Now there is a considerable market for hand-made cottage produce, especially knitted goods ; a market which rests on a tier of people who for reason of fashion and sentiment are prepared to pay more for such articles. But instead of organising that market, limited but valuable private enterprise operating in this field sets the worker into competition with the factory. Success here can only be achieved by actually under-selling the machines and this is possible only on a basis of Japanese labour. If a stop is not put to this tendency, there will be no way out but to light up the facts in one or other of these private ventures and this will have a bad effect on the whole market for cottage industry. Some group representing

the buying public should invite the workers, private manufacturers, the Government Gaeltacht Committee and Co-Op. manufacturers to a conference which might set up a sort of wage board. To the extent that the cottage product can get itself its special market let that be done and good is done. But nobody wants to see a widening area of handicraft if it is the return of the worst days of the four knitting needles of old. Perhaps the Women Workers' Union could take the initiative in this.

Another field of limited value is the peat scheme : I am writing now of Achill. But the Peat Scheme seemed to me to run the risk of going the way of the kelp industry, steadily deteriorate for lack of the steps needed to ensure uniform quality. Considering that the savings of a season in the tatle fields is not more than £10 it should be possible to organise the peat winning to make it well worth while for a number of youngsters to stay at home. Could not Achill bog be exploited on a wage basis? It might well be that an occasional household would win turf apart from the central scheme, and thus combine individual effort with the larger scheme. But here again there should be a frankness about the facts and no claim made for the results beyond what was so.

The weakness from the Gaeltacht viewpoint is that the Gaeltacht areas are really looked on as poor relations and notoriously poor relations are nobody's concern ; just leave them to God.

The ministers will never wreck the social set to which they surrender themselves so charmingly just to break thro' to the lives of the poor. The acceptance of the inevitability of a poverty-stricken Gaeltacht is as complete in Aiken, Ryan, Ruttledge, Derrig and the rest as in Lady Aberdeen. They have all tried black-faced rams, short-horn bulls, dry land piers, second-hand fishing boats, and Feiseannai. What was a natural imbecility in Dublin Castle is an unnatural slavishness in people like Aiken, Ryan, Ruttledge, Derrig and Co. If they would

base their rule on the areas that were their refuge on '22 or '23 they would quickly empty the Gaeltacht into the midlands to whatever degree condition demands.

I do not know whether anybody can put forward any scheme of betterment which would work. I think that is not the way to face things. If the Government cannot show us success we should at least be able to see the wreckage of their failures. But no attempts are made that went much higher than the odd parcels of swallow-tail coats the gentry sent from time to time long ago. If the Government cannot command success let them at least have failures to show.

And it may seem strange, but I think IRELAND TO-DAY could do a better service than any journal in Ireland. It rests on a tier of Republicans near enough to Ryan, Rutledge, Aiken, Derrig and Co., to make them listen while they get told that their little social flutterings are tiresome, that it was not starch-bellied Ireland put them where they are, that they are not merely not doing their job, but making cods of themselves as others did ahead of them. Maybe we could even save them. But when in face of such happenings as the tragedy of Kirkintilloch we lift our heads and see where these men who were of their Ireland yesterday have betaken themselves to-day, we realize we must cure them or blast them, and quickly.

PEADAR O'DONNELL

A GAME COCK

SHORT-STORY BY MICHAEL McLAVERTY

WHEN I was young we came to Belfast and my father kept a game cock and a few hens. At the back of the street was waste ground where the hens could scrape, and my father built a shed for them in the yard and sawed a hole in the back-door, so that they could hop in and out as they took the notion. In the mornings our cock was always first out on the waste ground.

We called him Dick. He was none of your ordinary cocks. He had a pedigree as long as your arm, and his grandfather and grandmother were of Indian breed. He was lovely to look at, with his long, yellow legs, black glossy feathers in the chest and tail, and reddish streaky neck. My father would watch him for hours in the long summer evenings, smiling at the way he tore the clayey ground with his claws, coming on a large earwig, and calling the hens to share it. But one day when somebody lamed him with a stone, my father grew so sad that he couldn't take his supper.

We bought him from Jimmy Reilly, the blind man, and many an evening he came to handle him. I would be doing my school exercise at the kitchen table, my father, in his shirt sleeves, reading the paper. A knock would come to the door, and with great expectancy in his voice my father'd say: "That's the men now; let them in, son."

And when I opened the door, in would shuffle wee Johnny Moore leading the blind man. They'd sit on the sofa: Jimmy Reilly, hat on head, and two fists clasped round the shank of the walking stick between his legs; and Johnny Moore with a stinking clay pipe in his mouth.

As soon as they started the talk I'd put down my pen and listen to them.

"Sit up to the fire, men, and get a bit of the heat."

"That's a snorer of a fire you've on, Mick," would come from the blind man.

"What kind of coals is them?" says Johnny Moore, for he had my father pestered with questions.

"The best English; them's none of your Scotch slates!"

"And what's the price of them a ton?"

"They cost a good penny," my father would answer crossly.

"And where do you get them?"

The blind man's stick would rattle on the kitchen tiles and he'd push out his lower lip, stroke his beard and shout : " They're good coals, anyway, no matter where they're got ;" and then add in his slow, natural voice, " How's the cock, Mick ? "

" He's in great fettle, Jimmy. He's jumping out of his pelt." And he'd tell how the comb was reddening and how he had chased Maguire's dunghill of a rooster from about the place. And the blind man would smile and say : " That's the stuff ! He'll soon have the walk to himself ; other cocks would annoy him."

With a lighted candle I would be sent out to the yard to lift Dick off the roost. The roosts were low so that the cock wouldn't bruise his feet when flying to the ground. He'd blink his eyes and cluck-cluck in his throat when I'd bring him into the gaslight and hand him to the blind man.

Jimmy fondled him like a woman fondling a cat. He gently stroked the neck and tail, and then stretched out one wing and then the other. " He's in great condition. We could cut his comb and wattles any time and have him ready for Easter." And he'd put him down on the tiles and listen to the scrape of his claws. Then he'd feel the muscles on the thighs, and stick out his beard with joy. " There's no coldness about that fella, Mick. He has shoulders on him as broad as a bull-dog Aw, my lovely fella," feeling the limber of him as his claws pranced on the tiles. " He'll do us credit. A hould you he'll win a main."

My father would stuff his hands in his pockets and rise off his heels. " And you think he's doing well, Jimmy ? "

" Hould yer tongue, man. I wish I was half as fit," Jimmy would answer, his sightless eyes raised to the ceiling.

And one evening as they talked like this about the cock and forthcoming fights, Johnny Moore sneaked across to the table and gave me sums out of his head. *A rope-maker made a rope for his marrying daughter, and in the rope he made twenty knots and in each knot he put a purse, and in each purse he put seven three-penny bits and nine halfpennies. How much of a dowry did the daughter receive?*

I couldn't get the answer and he took the pipe from his mouth and laughed loudly. " The scholars, nowadays, have soft brains. You can't do it with your pencil and paper and an old man like me can do it in my head."

My face burned as I said : " But we don't learn them kind of sums." He laughed so much at me that I was glad when it was time for him to lead the blind man home.

But they were soon back again ; the blind man with special scissors to cut Dick's comb and wattles. Jimmy handed the scissors to my father. Then he held the cock, his forefinger in its mouth and his thumb at the back of its head.

"Now," said he, "try and cut it with one stroke."

When my sisters saw the chips of comb snipped off with the scissors and the blood falling on the tiles they began to cry.

"That's a sin, father ! That's a sin !"

"Tush, tush," said my father, and the blood on his sleeves.

"He doesn't feel it. It's just like getting your hair cut Isn't that right, Jimmy?"

"That's right ; just like getting your toenails cut."

But when Dick clucked and shook his head with pain, my sisters cried louder and were sent out to play themselves, and I went into the scullery to gather cobwebs to stop the bleeding.

In a few days the blood had hardened and Dick was his old self again. The men came nearly every night and talked about the cock fights to be held near Toome at Easter. They made plans for Dick's training and arranged how he was to be fed.

About a fortnight before the fights my father got a long box and nailed loose sacking over the front to keep it in darkness. Dick was put into this and his feathers and tail were clipped. For the first two days he got no feed so as to keep his weight down. Then we gave him hard-boiled eggs, but they didn't agree with him and made him scour. The blind man recommended a strict diet of barley and barley-water : "That's the stuff to keep his nerves strong and his blood up. A hould you it'll not scour him."

Every morning we took him from the dark box and gave him a few runs up and down the yard. Johnny Moore had made a red-flannel bag stuffed with straw, and Dick sparred at this daily, and when he had finished my father would lift him in his arms, stroke him gently, and sponge the feet and head. Day by day the cock got very peevish, and once when he nebbled at me I gave him such a clout that brought my father running to the yard.

The night before the fight the steel spurs were tied on him to see how he would look in the pit. "Ah, Jimmy, if you could see him," said my father to the blind man. "He's the picture of health."

The blind man fingered his beard and putting a hand in his pocket, took out a few pound notes and spat on them for luck : "Put that on him to-morrow. There's not another cock this side of the Bann nor in all County Derry that could touch him."

Even Johnny Moore risked a few shillings ; and the next morning before 5 o'clock my father wakened me to go to Toome.

It was Easter Monday and there were no trams running so early as we set off to walk to the Northern Counties Railway to catch the half-six train. The cock was in a potato-bag under my arm, and I got orders not to squeeze him, while my father carried the overcoats and a gladstone filled with things for my Granny, who lived near the place where the cocks were to fight.

The streets were deserted, and our feet echoed in the chill air. Down the Falls Road we hurried. The shop-blinds were pulled down ; the tram lines shining ; and no smoke coming from the chimneys. At the Public Baths my father looked at his watch and then stood out in the road to see the exact time by the Baths' clock.

"Boys-a-boys my watch is slow. We'll need to hurry." In the excitement the cock got his neb out and pecked at me. I dropped the bag, and out jumped the cock and raced across the tramlines, the two of us after him.

"Don't excite him, son. Take him gently."

We tried to corner him in a doorway, my father with his hand outstretched calling in his sweetest way : "Dick, Dick, Dicky." But as soon as he stooped to lift him, the cock dived between his legs, and raced up North Howard Street, and stood contemplating a dark-green public lavatory.

"Whisht," said my father, holding my arm as I went to go forward. "Whisht. If he goes in there we'll nab him."

The cock stood, head erect, and looked up and down the bare street. Then he scraped each side of his bill on the step of the lavatory and crowed into the morning.

"Man, but that's the brazen tinker of a cock for you," said my father, looking at his watch. And then, as if Dick were entering the hen-shed, in he walked, and in after him tiptoed my father, and out by the roofless top flew the cock with a few feathers falling from him.

I swished him off the top and he flew for all he was worth over the tram lines, down Alma Street and up on a yard-wall.

"We'll be late for the train if we don't catch him quick, and maybe the peelers down on us before we know where we are."

Up on the wall I was heaved and sat with legs astride. The cock walked away from me, and a dog in the yard yelped and jumped up the back door.

"I'm afraid, Da, I'm afraid."

"Come down out of that and don't whinge there."

A baby started to cry and a man looked out of a window and shouted: "What the hell's wrong?"

"We're after a cock," replied my father apologetically.

The man continued to lean out of the window in his shirt, and a woman yelled from the same room: "Throw a bucket of water round them, Andy . . . A nice time of the morning to be chasing a bloody cock."

Here and there a back-door opened and bare-footed men in their shirts and trousers came into the entry. They all chased after Dick.

"Ah, easy, easy," said my father to a man who was swiping at Dick with a yard-brush. "Don't hit him with that."

By this time the cock had walked half way down the entry, still keeping to the top of the yard-walls. Women shouted and dogs barked, and all the time I could hear my father saying: "If we don't catch him quick we'll miss the train."

"Aw," said one man, looking at the scaldy appearance of the cock. "Sure he's not worth botherin' about. There's not as much on him as'd set a rat-trap."

My father kept silent about Dick's pedigree for he didn't want anyone to know about the cock-fights, and maybe have the police after us.

We had now reached the end of the entry and Dick flew off the wall and under a little hand-cart that lay in a corner. Five men bunched in after him; and screeching and scolding the cock was handed to my father.

"I can feel his heart going like a traction engine," he said, when we were on the road again. "He'll be bate. The blind man's money and everybody's money will be lost. Lost!"

We broke into a trot, I carrying the gladstone, and my father the cock and the overcoats. Along York Street we raced, gazing up at the big clocks and watching the hands approach half-six. Sweat broke out on us and a stitch came in my side, but I said nothing as I lagged behind trying to keep pace.

We ran into the station and were just into the carriage when out went the train.

"Aw-aw-aw," said my father, sighing out all his breath in one puff. "I'm done. Punctured! That's a nice start for an Easter Monday!"

He took off his hard hat and pulled out a handkerchief; his bald head was speckled with sweat and the hat had made a red groove on his brow. He puffed and ah-e-e-d so many times I thought he'd faint; and I sat with my heart thumping, my shirt clammy with sweat, waiting with fear for what he'd say. But he didn't scold me.

"It was my own fault," he said. "I should have tied a bit of string round the neck of the bag He'll be bate ! He'll be bate !"

He took the spurs from his pocket and pulled the corks off the steel points. "I might as well strap them on a jackdaw as put them on Dick this day, for he'll be tore asunder after that performance."

As the train raced into the country we saw the land covered with a thin mist, and ploughed fields with shining furrows. The cold morning air came into the carriage ; it was lovely and fresh. My father's breathing became quieter, and he even pointed out farms that would make great "walks" for cocks. It was going to be a grand day : a foggy sun was bursting through, and crows flew around trees that were already laden with their nests.

Dick was taken from the bag and petted ; and then my father stretched himself out on the seat and fell asleep. I watched the telegraph wires rising and falling, and kept a look-out for the strange birds that were cut out in the hedge near Doagh.

When we came to Toome my father tied the neck of the bag with a handkerchief and sent me on in front for fear the police might suspect something. The one-streeted village was shady and cool, the sun skimming the house-tops. Pieces of straw littered the road, and a few hens stood at the closed barrack door, their droppings on the door-step.

We passed quickly through the silent village and turned on to the long country road that led to my Granny's. Behind us the train rumbled and whistled over the bridge ; and then across the still country came the dull cheer of the Bann waterfall and the wind astir in the leafing branches. Once my father told me to sit and rest myself while he crossed a few fields to a white cottage. It wasn't long until he was back again. "Iv'e got the stuff in my pocket that'll make him gallop The boys in Lough Beg made a run of poteen for Easter."

When we reached my Granny's she was standing at the door, a string garter fallen round her ankle, and a basin in her hand ; near her my Uncle's bicycle was turned upside down and he was mending a puncture. They had great welcome for us and smiled when my father put the poteen on the table. He took tumblers from the dresser, filled one for my Granny, and in another he softened a few pieces of bread for the cock.

My Granny sat at the fire and at every sip she sighed and held the glass up to the light : "Poor fellas, but they run great

risk to make that. None of your ould treacle about the Lough Beg stuff Made from the best of barley."

As she sipped it she talked to me about my school, and the little sense my father had in his head to be bothering himself about game cocks and maybe land himself in jail; and when the car came up for him she went to the door and waved him off. "Mind the peelers," she shouted. "Ye'd never know where they'd be sniffing around."

During the day I played about the house and tormented the tethered goat, making her rise on her hind legs. I went to the well at the foot of the field and carried a bucket of water to my Granny, and she said I was a big, strong man. Later my Uncle brought me through the tumbled demesnewall and showed me where he had slaughtered a few trees for the fire. We walked to the Big House and saw the lake covered with rushes and weeds. The Big House was in ruins and crows were nesting in the chimneys. When I asked my uncle where were all the ladies and gentlemen and the gamekeeper, he looked through the naked windows and replied: "They took the land from the people and God cursed them."

When we came back my Granny was standing at the door looking up and down the road wondering what was keeping my father. A few fellows coming from the cock fights passed on bicycles, and soon my father arrived. He was in great form, his face red, and his navy-blue trousers covered with clay.

The cock's comb was scratched with blood, his feathers streaky, and his eyes half shut. He was left in the byre until the tea was over. While my father was taking the tea he got up from the table and stood in the middle of the floor telling how Dick had won his fights: "Five battles he won and gave away weight twice."

"Take your tea, Mick, and you can tell us after," my Granny said, her hands in her sleeves, and her feet tapping the hearth.

He would eat for a few minutes and he'd be up again: "Be the holy frost if ye'd seen him tumbling the big Pyle cock from Derry it'd have done yer heart good. I never seen the like of it Aw, he's a great battler. And look at the morning he put in on them yard-walls Up and down a dozen streets he went, running and flying and crowing. And then to win his fights. . . . Wait till Jimmy Reilly hears about this and the nice nest egg I have for him. . . . The poteen was great stuff. A great warrior!" and he smiled in recollection.

I was glad when he was ready for home and gladder still when we were in the train where I heard the wheels rumbling

and chanting. . . . *They took the land from the people. . . . God cursed them. . . . God cursed them. . . . They took the land from the people. . . . God cursed them. . . .*

It was dark when we reached Belfast and I carried Dick in the potato bag. We got into a tram at the station ; the lights were lit and we sat downstairs. The people were staring at my father, at the clabber on his boots and the wrinkles on his trousers. But he paid no heed to them. In the plate glass opposite I could see our reflections ; my father was smiling with his lips together, and I knew he was thinking of the cock.

"He's very quiet, Da," I whispered. "The fightin' has fairly knocked the capers out of him."

"Aw, son, he's a great warrior." and he put his hand in his pocket and slipped me a half-crown. "I'll get his photo took as soon as he's his old self again."

In the kitchen I left the bag on the floor and sat on the sofa, dead tired. My father got down the olive oil to rub on Dick's legs, but when he opened the bag the cock never stirred. He took him out gently and raised his head, but it fell forward limply, and from the open mouth blood dripped to the floor.

"God-a-God, he's dead !" said my father, stretching out one of the wings. He held up the cock's head in the gaslight and looked at him. Then he put him on the table without a word and sat on a chair. For a while I said nothing, and then I asked quietly : "What'll you do with him, Da?"

He didn't answer, but turned and looked at the cock, stretched on the table. "Poor Dick !" he said ; and I felt a lump rise in my throat.

Then he got up from the chair. "What'll I do with him ! . . . What'll I do with him ! . . . I'll get him stuffed ! . . . That's what I'll do !"

MICHAEL MCLAVERTY

LETTER OF THE MONTH

WHY NOT AN ANNUAL DUBLIN DRAMATIC FESTIVAL ?

Now that another Horse Show has come and gone, I am prompted to ask why should not honours be shared and a great annual Dramatic Festival staged which would not only double but treble the number of our foreign guests ? We have to hand all the ingredients required to make such a festival as unique and world-famous as this "Show of Shows."

Take our National Theatre, for instance—the Abbey Players, who are known and admired the world over ; our "International" players—the Gate Company—who have recently been charming Eastern audiences ; the "Longford Productions," now again picking up fresh laurels in London's West End ; and, of course, all the other artists who have been so closely associated with the dramatic and cultural life of the city. I should like to see them all represented in this National Festival—just all who labour for our delight, for the delight of audiences none the less appreciative because the appreciation is so often unvoiced. Only a short time ago I found myself for the first time in a hall tucked away at the back of the Four Courts, listening to an amateur performance of an act from a "Sierra" play, and I was struck by the simplicity and artistry of the production. It was "Holy Night," in which the statue comes to life. There is in the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli in Rome, a statue of St. Bruno by Houdon so perfect, that someone has said of it : "The saint would speak did not the rule of his order impose silence." Well, when watching the statue in "Holy Night" I thought the reverse might be said of it. It startled one when it moved and spoke. The very folds of the drapery seemed moulded in plaster rather than made of fabric. So with talent everywhere in this gifted city of ours I can picture in my mind's eye a Pageant or Festival of astounding beauty.

Think of "Deidre," for instance, as one of the items of the National Theatre programme : "Deirdre," written by our great poet—"the greatest English-speaking poet in the world to-day," I have heard him described as recently and styled "Master" by England's Laureate ; "Deirdre," an epic not unworthy of a place beside the epic of Troy. Indeed, the resemblance between Deirdre and her Greek sister has been crystallized in verse by its distinguished author thus :

"For these red lips with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide

Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died."

"Deirdre," played by the Abbey Players, who have themselves almost become a classic. And, if only the weather would permit this composite masterpiece to be performed in one of our city's beauty-spots, where the very dust under foot reeks of tradition and romance, there would, assuredly, be spread a feast of Lucullus for all the dramatic epicures of the world.

I should like our International Theatre to choose as one of their items—a rather hackneyed choice perhaps—"As You Like It," this, too, weather permitting, in the open. Rosalind is the fairest and most attractive figure in Shakespeare's Garden of girls. I think it is because she is his open-air girl. At all events, her beauty is born of wind and sun and rain rather than of tangee lipstick, mascara and crème de mousse. One can almost feel the pure, sweet air blowing through her silken tresses as well as through her merry heart. And any producer who takes her away from the painted trees and footlights of the theatre out into the open, where she belongs, raises, I think, this delightful comedy, metaphorically speaking, to a higher level. Of course, though our foreign visitors would understand never a word of a Gaelic play, they would expect to find such an item on the programme. Indeed, to hold a Dublin Dramatic Festival without one would be like playing "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. I saw some years ago at the Gate Theatre a very charming production by An Comhar Drámuíochta of "Diarmuid agus Gráinne," which would worthily fill the gap. It was written by Micheál Mac Liammhóir, who was, I think, also responsible for the lovely settings and decorations. I have heard over the microphone more than once a little Gaelic playlet which would also deserve a place—Myles Malleson's "Michael," translated into Irish by Máiréad Ní Ghradha. If the "Longford Productions" gave us an ultra-modern play or translation and the Abbey Players some others of their typical repertoire by our own clever writers, we should have programmes varied enough and wide enough to meet every taste.

Now I said we had every ingredient to hand. But there may be just one missing, as high art and wealth are rarely wedded—the funds. And it is here, I think, that the Government ought to come in. As a casual looker-on it seems to me that most governments waste too much of their energies on economics and are apt to overlook the fact that man cannot live on bread alone. He needs a lily as well as a loaf. No doubt it must delight the heart of Kathleen Ní Houlihan to see her "four green fields"

turned into little golden seas of rippling waves as the wheat bends before the breeze. But she would, I imagine, be still more thrilled to see planted amongst those golden ears little patches of dazzling white lilies. By the way, I mention Kathleen's "four" fields, not "three," as I am sure she would cut off her right hand rather than her fair, rich province of Ulster. How she must smile at the puerile attempts of man to create an imaginary boundary line, at his attempts to sunder what God has so closely joined together. But to return, the lily-culture could not be placed in more efficient hands than those of our artists. And I should like to see the growers of the lilies treated with as generous a gesture as the growers of the wheat.

Education without culture is incomplete. In my humble opinion there always seems to be something terribly wrong with a system of education that makes the small boy regard Shakespeare, Cæsar, Virgil, as bitter life-long enemies to be forever shunned. With such a hurdle to get over it is naturally only the adventurous few who ever find themselves in the cultural fields of literature. And it is at this point that I think dramatic art is so useful.

Until the last ten or fifteen years it was only, comparatively speaking, the privileged few who ever looked upon the works of Phidias or Praxiteles, who ever saw the great paintings of the Masters and gems of architecture so lavishly scattered over Europe. Or, more recently still, until they came over the ether wave, the frequent recitals of the symphonies of the great composers. All these arts are rather studio arts, still for the few and, unlike dramatic art, which is for the many and meets one almost half-way.

Dramatic Art, which is, in a way, made up of all the Arts, has the widest cultural influence of all the Arts because, in the right hands, it influences the greatest of all the Arts—the Art of Living itself. It is second only to that "dream born in a herdsman's shed," a dream still, fortunately, dreamed in twentieth-century Ireland. And it could do much. We are, after all, the heirs of all the ages. Why, therefore, should not the ages be searched for all that is truly high, sublime, magnificent in them—for beauty, goodness and truth, and have these reflected frequently upon that magic mirror for the inspiration of all those who look upon it.

We are to-day looking out upon a world just seething with class hatred ; starvation in the midst of plenty ; lust for power ; greed of gold ; war ; paganism ; vulgarity ; muddle. Hercules himself could not clean up so great a mess. Indeed, I doubt

if the writers of mythology could even have thought of so great a mess for Hercules to clean up. And when we stop to think about the matter we must realise that the one man responsible for it all is the first man who invented a pocket. No one can remove the pocket now. Russia has tried and failed and has made confusion more confounded. Only one thing remains, to try to make the world think less of the pocket and more of the beautiful, worth-while things of life—in fact, to put beauty into the art of living. When I speak of the Art of Beautiful Living I do not mean stately mansions nor statelier automobiles, though beauty is, and should be, enhanced by a beautiful background. Material beauty is, however, for the privileged few, and I am thinking rather of spiritual beauty of living, which is in the reach of all and requires no wealth. We know that all the things of beauty, the age-long, immortal masterpieces of literature and of all the Arts, were created by men who thought nothing, or at least very little, about a purse. And all these precious, priceless, world heir-looms belong to everyone of us—to everyone who understands, to everyone who loves beauty, to everyone, in fact, who needs a lily as well as a loaf.

We have many high lights playing on our island home, the "Sweep," for instance. True, it is on a different level from the lights of other days, the lights which our saints and scholars with their culture and learning flashed over the dark spots of Europe. However, this unique organisation, that has provided ten or twenty million pounds for the sick and poor and destitute in our hospitals, only proves that the end can justify the means. And it does keep us thrice yearly in the world's eye—"in the news," to use a modern expression. With the Horse Show and the Army Jumping team, it makes us appear to the inhabitants of the very ends of the earth as something *vital*. Why not add a Dramatic Festival, a cultural high light, which would, assuredly, be the highest high light of them all?

EILEEN FOWLER FORD

ART

ADVICE AND ESTIMATES FREE

The National Gallery is one place in Southern Ireland which stoutly refuses to recognise Partition. Sixty square feet of the Battle of the Boyne greet the vanishing Celt on the threshold and proclaim that Belfast is the real Capital of Ireland. Statesmen should note this solution of the border problem. Might not the twenty-six counties follow the example and "opt" themselves into the remaining six under the loving wing of Lord Craigavon?

The re-organisation of the Gallery has not, so far, effected any marked change in the general atmosphere of the building, but it may be early to criticize. The present grouping of the pictures may be only temporary. It may not be the intention permanently to disperse the already miserable collection of pictures by Irish Artists, or to hide the Orpens, the Hones and the Osbornes in the dark annexes between the rooms which have windows.

Possibly the new Dutch Room is the first part of a general scheme to be completed. Here at any rate there is much to admire. To begin with, the space-devouring collection of prints and maps has been cleared away. They were quite unsuitable to a picture-gallery, and their proper place is the Municipal museum which does not exist in any one place, but may be found, in fragments, in the Municipal Gallery, the National Library, the muniment room of the City Hall and the National Museum.

The Dutch pictures have been grouped and displayed with loving skill. Unfortunately the room is on the ground floor and is lit by side-windows carefully darkened with frosted glass, but the most has been made of very adverse conditions. The gloom of the chamber may account for its misuse hitherto, and the same may be true of the Sculpture Gallery, which is equally dark. Even here judicious use of screens might give some additional surface for displaying pictures and it would be a charity to send the dreadful collection of casts to the School of Art, where they would be quietly destroyed, or, if not at least white-washed every five years.

One cannot help contrasting the general plan of this building with the modern Gallery at Charlemont House, where every single picture is in a good light. The whole ground floor is painfully (and quite unavoidably) dark. The first floor, which has overhead light, is quite a different place and much more might have been got out of the same area. Apparently, in the spacious days when it was designed, visitors were expected to stand away from the pictures and admire them at a distance. The magnificent Italian room, for instance, is vast in extent and must have been designed with an eye to the Raphael Cartoons which used to hang there. The walls must be twenty five feet high, of which only the lowest six feet or so is of any use for displaying pictures, and the same is true of the whole upper storey. If a gallery were constructed round the walls, eight or nine feet from the floor, double the present

(continued on page 77)

MUSIC

THE IRISH MUSICAL FUND

IN these days of intensive advertising, when that model of rectitude, that monument to cool, clear-headed efficiency, the modern business-man allows his fancy to wander and stray down flowery ways that lie far from Truth's narrow track, one comes with something of a surprise upon an old-established society with charitable aims, that in its bashful modesty makes the shy violet seem arrogant and boastful. This unexpected coyness, generating the same alarming symptoms as might a brontosaurus in O'Connell Street, has moved some of us to seek an explanation, and many and various have been the proposed solutions of the mystery. However, to-day, I come neither to bury Caesar nor to praise him. I write of the Irish Musical Fund, to whet the insatiable curiosity of my fellow-musicians and, perhaps, to interest the general reader, for, as the Society was incorporated by Grattan's Parliament, a few notes on it may have an historical interest.

Since I came to the use of reason, an event, which, for all my modesty, I seem to place farther back in my life than my friends are willing to allow, I have heard of the existence of this fund and have been questioned regarding it by my fellow-professionals. My ignorance on the matter being as refreshing as their own, I have advised them to make enquiries from members of the Fund. But apparently the results of such enquiries, if made, were negative, as these insatiable ones always returned to plumb my own ignorance once more. This is all the more strange, if it be true, as I am informed, that membership of the fund has now dwindled until there remain not quite two dozen subscribers.

In the preamble to the Act (34 Geo. III) incorporating the Fund, it is stated "that some time in the month of January, 1787, a subscription was begun in the City of Dublin, amongst the Professors of Music, towards the charitable purpose of establishing a fund for the support of such Professors, belonging to the said Society, as through age, infirmity, or accident, should be rendered incapable of earning a sufficiency to support themselves and their families, and for the occasional relief of Professors belonging to the said Society in case of sickness : and also for the relief and support of the widows and children of such deceased professors, as did belong to the said Society : and whereas by the profits arising from such subscription, and also by the profits which have arisen from some musical public performances for the increase of said fund, a capital stock to the amount of one thousand pounds, or thereabouts, is now lodged in the hands of the Right Honourable David Latouche, the Treasurer of the said Society applicable to the purposes aforesaid ; to the end, therefore, that the said fund . . . may be effectually secured and applied : be it enacted :—That from and after the passing of this Act, all and every the Subscribers to the said fund shall be . . . one body corporate . . . and shall be called by the name of the Irish Musical Fund . . . and that they and their successors . . . may at any time hold and enjoy any lands, tenements or hereditaments not exceeding the value of five hundred pounds

a-year, at the time of such purchase. And may . . . dispose of same at their free will and pleasure."

"And be it further enacted that the members of the said Society, or such of them as shall think fit, shall meet together at some convenient place in the City of Dublin . . . for the purposes of electing out of their body a Committee . . . which shall consist of President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Collector and Secretary assisted by thirteen other members, that is to say, nine Professors and four non-Professors of Music."

These are the sections or rather extracts from the sections of the Act that are pertinent to this article I write—the title of the Act, by the way being :

"An Act for securing a Capital stock, belonging to the Members of the Irish Musical Fund, applicable to Charitable purposes."

The Fund was founded in 1787 and incorporated by this Act in 1794.

The Bye-Laws of the Fund afford some further information. In these it is laid down that there shall be two general meetings each year, at which general meetings only can Professional Candidates for admission be accepted. These Candidates must be proposed and seconded and their names together with those of the proposer and seconder must have appeared on the books of the Fund for one month. Should one-third of the votes be adverse then the Candidate is excluded. Candidates for admission as Professional Members must have resided in Ireland for at least five years. Non-Professional Members may be elected without Ballot at any Committee Meeting, on payment of one year's subscription in advance. (This last sentence has been amended, in my copy, to read—"on payment of a subscription"—I do not know on what authority).

Rule eleven reads—"Each Professional Candidate shall, before the Ballot, produce his certificate of birth, or other satisfactory proof of his age and give such other particulars and pass such medical examination as the Committee may direct, and if he shall be the age of twenty and upwards on the day of his signing the book of admission, shall pay as follows, in addition to his annual subscription :—

If 20 and under 25,	£2	0	0
25 „ „ 30,	£3	0	0
30 „ „ 35,	£4	0	0
35 „ „ 40,	£7	0	0
40 „ „ 45,	£9	0	0

after which latter age, no admission. A Professional Member joining the Fund before the age of 40, must remain a subscribing Member three years from the date of admission before he or his family are eligible to receive benefit from the Fund. And those joining from 40 to 45 must remain subscribing Members for four years from the date of admission previous to having any claim on the Fund."

Rule thirteen states that "Each Professional Member shall pay Two Pounds per annum subscription except those admitted previous to the year 1892, who shall pay thirty shillings. Non-Professional Members paying a subscription

of One Pound per annum will be eligible for election as Members of the Committee." (In my copy the words "of One Pound per annum" have been deleted—so the amount of a non-Professional subscription is not stated).

Rule fourteen disqualifies from membership Professional musicians receiving pensions on their retirement from the active practice of their profession.

Rule seventeen permits the Committee, in cases of destitution, to allow a sum not exceeding Five Pounds for interment expenses, on the death of a Professional Member or any of his family and also withdraws the grant from the fund to a widow on her re-marriage. "The cases of orphans under eighteen years of age of members may be taken into consideration by the Committee."

Under Rule eighteen it is enacted that all monies whatsoever shall be invested in the purchase of Stock and added to Capital which can in no case be disturbed except as provided for by the Statute. All expenses and grants must be withdrawn from the interest on this Capital. "The allowance to a Grantee shall in no case exceed the sum of One Guinea per week; and a special grant to a member shall in no case exceed the sum of Five Pounds."

The two final rules may be of interest. Rule twenty-one says: "That the true intent for which this Fund was founded may be understood, it is hereby declared that an allowance to a Grantee is not to be considered as an annuity, but as a relief for the aged, the infirm, those who by unforeseen accidents are rendered incapable of supporting themselves and their families, and for the occasional relief of Professional Members in case of sickness; and also for the relief of widows and orphans of Professional Members, whom the Committee may deem entitled thereto; and not for those whose only plea is want of business or who through misconduct become applicants."

The final rule lays it down that in order to prevent ill-will which might arise on any matter connected with the Fund—any matter occasioning a difference of opinion or requiring a division—the same shall be determined by Ballot, the majority to decide all questions, except elections of Professional Candidates (which latter are, of course, governed by Rule ten, already quoted.)

So that's that. Even if anything like Shakespearean elegance is lacking in the wording of its clauses, it was a good scheme—ininitely preferable to the modern idea of sending men down to "bear-gardens" to queue up for their pittance. (I doubt if one would trust a good bear in such places. The sending of even a second-hand bear would give one pause.)

Seriously, it is rather a pity that more publicity is not courted for the Fund and its benefits. Personally, I know many professionals who would be willing to subscribe if the matter were brought to their notice. And the usefulness of such an organisation hardly ends with its material benefits. There is much work to be done for musical culture in Dublin and throughout the country, and, surely, if this Musical Fund were a live organisation, having within its ranks all professionals of standing, it might contribute much. It should because of its material benefits attract all professionals to itself and if, under wise direction, their musical energy were to be harnessed to any cultural scheme the effects might be far-reaching.

EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAI

THEATRE

THEATRECRAFT—III. (13-15) : EMPATHY

N.B.—Bracketed numbers refer to relevant paragraphs in this or other issues.

13. First, *empathy* (the *Einfühlung*—"feeling into"—of Worringer) : this is the *first contact of the mind with external matter*—the borderline state at which the bodily, physical, reaction impinges on the mind without arousing any consciousness of knowing or of self ; it is *the flow of the mind over the object*, so that the mind expands and contracts, with equally varying tension, along with the variations in form of the object, as though the mind were an elastic film which reaches out and moulds itself to the object. Thus the most primitive reaction of all is to *shape* or solid form, then to *line* enclosing that shape and lastly to *colour*, which is felt as not being necessary for the existence of the object as *a thing in itself*, an entity apart from the vast coloured dome of sight, sound and touch at the centre of which, forming its focus, is the waking life of the unthinking child or primitive savage, so far as we know it. If such a sequence of mind tensions satisfies certain primitive instincts, all based on desire to avoid mental strain, in other words, if the tensions smoothly vary and relax to rest, the mind is conscious of ease and of willing submission to external control and is in equilibrium, at rest, even during tension. The feeling then is one of pleasure. Sudden strains, abrupt relaxations or attempts to flow over two or more objects simultaneously, even when similar, cause discomfort, a feeling of strain—hence an impression of ugliness, a natural repulsion due to dislike of discomfort. This process is the foundation of artistry as such and can be seen at work in many ways—the desire for smooth surfaces in objects and textiles, cadences in sound, flowing lines or graceful gesture (ease of flow); the desire to place the "heaviest" masses of a design at the bottom or, if elsewhere, to suggest adequate apparent support (instinctive *personal* regard for gravity)—hence the dislike of classicists for the "modern" style in architecture, where ten stories may rest seemingly on glass with an empathic certainty that the glass will crack and collapse so that the mass above, with which one associates oneself, will tumble : a personal feeling of tumbling results with consequent mental discomfort. The modernist, however, at once proceeds to the reflex *idea* that the structure is supported by the cantilever action of the steelwork inside the glass, which forms a mere screen for it ; an example of an empathy not killed but *counteracted* by a conscious opposition of knowledge codified through training or, shall we say, sophistication.

14. It will be seen that the trend in all this is to base reactions on one's own experience of physical laws—the pressure of gravity ; association of flight and, therefore, of lightness with height and vertical lines ; of rest and weight with horizontal lines. This results from an actual physical reaction in the spectator (10) to the mental strains developed. Thus, say, a roundness of modelling (the object being merely *looked at*, not touched) induces, as empathy,

a "feeling" of touch in the fingertips; the induced surge of nervous energy from nerve-ends to brain is there registered as an impression of actual touch, so that the motor nerves themselves are excited and induce a muscular reflex, often so slight as to be imperceptible yet apparent on close analysis. This induced sensation involves use of nervous energy, and conflicting or highly complex sensations will soon exhaust the store of that energy—hence the real fatigue experienced on, say, close attention to a symphony or complete abandonment to strongly rhythmic music, as also the actual excitement one feels on viewing certain paintings, notably those of Van Gogh, the Surrealists (though mental energy is here also dissipated on subjective associations of feeling, mainly due to semi-literary symbolism and not resulting from the object's form itself) and those of the *pointilliste* school of Seurat and Manet, where constant flickering of line or colour induces equal mental acrobatics, due to actual flutterings of nervous energy in the mind reacting. In graphic art, Empathy is probably clearest seen in the drawings of children, with their emotionless, non-representational simplification and almost geometric quality of line and also in Negro art, where forms are consciously, yet instinctively distorted into simple, smoothly modelled shapes. Undoubtedly its basis of absence of effort has furthered the real popularity of "modern" furniture and design (apart from sales-propaganda of manufacturers and designers, equally machine-obsessed and aware of its suitability for machine-production) in a reaction from the ever-increasing complexity of modern life towards simplicity and ease of "uptake." "Easy on the eye" is a slangy statement of everyday experience.

15. It is important to remember that we have no more control over empathy than we have over any other instinctive reaction to light or heat or cold—we *experience* it, it "happens" to us as long as our senses, Plato's outposts of the soul, continue to function. But by training and use we can develop habits of empathy (that is, the mind reacts with least effort to certain types of object) as we develop habits in food, wearing of clothes, heat of rooms, etc. Thus a national liking for particular empathic forms will develop, just as a national craving for sunshine (in the tropics) or for a mountain habitat (in C. Europe and C. Asia) or even the contrasted mind habits of townsman and peasant can develop. Worringer has elaborated this side of the theory of empathy (and note, please, that all this now being said claims to be no more than plausible theory capable of explaining many truisms of experience) to the point of obscurity in his *Form in Gothic* and his *Egyptian Art*, where he has tried, with much success, to see *why* Gothic art is as it is—repetitive, vibrant, jagged, full of energy, daemonic yet spiritual, whereas Egyptian art is one of solidity, stability, of gloom crystallised in obsidian and diorite. This goes far to explain local and national preferences in types of play and acting, as also the fluctuations over long periods of time noticeable in popular canons of taste. These are the outcome of social changes which exert a subtle and unconscious influence on the bases of reaction that decide which empathy shall be generally favoured at a given time. Thus, long-continued prosperity and the consequent ease of

living and unhurried, self-assured activity favour slow mental rhythms and therefore music and art of a generally suave, well-balanced and "opulent" character, cf. the rise of waltz music in Imperial Austria; the cult of the oratorio in Victorian England.

(*To be continued.*)

ABBAY—(Producer Hugh Hunt: designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch). Lennox Robinson's *The Lost Leader*, a fine piece of thesis-writing, revealing how unfair this dramatist has been to himself in much of his later work, was the chief item of the month, enjoying a long run. Written in 1917, its clear-sighted analysis, in semisymbolic comment, of the Irish political tangle is still very apposite and so the little prologue, set in 1937, is quite unnecessary. This apart, it is quite exciting and the incidents hold the interest throughout, but what made it really a success was William Devlin's superb acting as Parnell alias Lucius Lenihan, sensitive in every detail, exquisitely judged in effect and therefore always restrained. His sense of command, his hold on stage and audience revealed a truly strong personality, fitting the part perfectly (in fact the play would be a terrible flop without this play of personality . . . it is essentially and inevitably, Parnell being what he was, a personality vehicle). His reaction to the doctor's little thrust of "Mr. Parnell" was masterly. It is to be hoped that this young London actor, already very successful as Lear, will continue to get such opportunities for stretching his powers to their utmost and so save himself from self-complacency and resulting lack of flexibility and self control, a real danger with mediocre parts. The other parts, mostly the usual Robinson types used for self-satire, were well, often very well, handled . . . notably Cyril Cusack's Smith, truly Cockney in all but accent; Fred Johnson's Doctor, quite un-English and often lacking in bedside manner, but his hypnotising scene (a lovely piece of writing, by the way) was perfect; Shelah Ward's Kate, another example of that creation from within which she is rapidly mastering, and Tadg Forbes' pleasantly easy and true Peter Cooney, J.P.; the rest were either too stiff or else too unrestrained (W. O'Gorman's Houlihan, for instance, made up for blindness with a voice twice too loud) so giving a general sense of thinness and surrender to type-characterisation to their playing. The production was very good indeed, the author's masterly buildup of dramatic interest and piecemeal disclosure of plot being very cleverly brought out with neatly arranged groupings and lighting (I liked especially the final grouping—the gombeenman towering over the rest was an apt symbol of our political history). Settings were good, but that for Act 3 was the best seen in the Abbey for quite a while—a lovely plastic creation that acted along with the players yet was so natural that one took it for granted . . . the scene designer's best tribute.

GATE.—(Producer Hilton Edwards: designer Michael MacLiammoir). Here Emlyn Williams' *Night Must Fall* remained in a horrific gloaming for five weeks, a long run indeed for Dublin. I find it very hard to judge this play fairly: the author's play-writing skill was obvious in every detail (logic of action, timing of events, foreshadowing lines, inter-relation of characters . . . in every way the machine worked perfectly) and the play itself was gripping and often tense throughout and never got in its own way, but much of it was mere yellow journalism brought to life on the stage with unsparing recital of seductions, headless bodies, forests and the usual mean little "horrors." Comparing

this with older plays of similar theme and assuming for the moment that it is a real psychological study, it is easy to see here a definite cheapness of handling, an exploitation of the fascination of nastiness, an undue emphasis on sadistic detail from which Old Tragedy was saved by its basis of spiritual perspective, giving us as a result murderers who at least were *men*, whose revolt against nemesis had a deathless, untamable quality that invigorated the spectator and gave humanity a real dignity. I have *Macbeth* especially in mind here, but the same is true of any pre-war tragedy. Granting that these defects are those of the present generation, here impartially stated, it is time the post-war "yoldsters" did something more than whine at present misery and future collapse or accept both, as is done here and see no more than this in humanity; as it is their shop-keeping outlook is no respecter of dignity nor is their pseudo-science, peddling vivisection exhibits, likely to raise our present sensual sentimentality into a real civilisation. I say "our" because Dublin seems to like this stuff as much as any other part of the British Isles, and truly our "freedom" amounts to little if this is our mentality also.

The production was again clearcut, rather over-emphasising "pointing" in anxiety to see that an audience of morons got every thrill without fail; accordingly the gradual delineation of the hero's outlook was well done both through the producer's regard for team reaction and through MacLiammoir's really subtle and consistent portrayal of the part which was only spoiled, I thought, by overacting the acting required in this wish-fulfilling pageboy. Otherwise it was excellent, his silent acting, especially in Act 3, being the best work he has done lately. Of the others, Coralie Carmichael's Mrs. Terence was a really fine study in sturdy animal commonsense, while Sheila May's Dora was rather thin through *real* blankness of mind, I imagine. Meriel Moore's Olivia, a very difficult part whose psychology is the play's one weakness, was unconvincing though logically handled . . . it was the clearest case of voice clashing with body movement I can remember, hence woodenness and lack of drive . . . besides a growing mannerism of singsong, overmusical phrasing killed many of her lines. Another disappointment was May Carey's Mrs. Bromson, a single track performance in which senility was never really present and fussy childishness appeared too late to round out the part and the play properly. The rest were all very good indeed in very small parts.

The Gate continues with Laurence Housman's *Victoria*, further snapshots of England's G.O.D. (Grand Old Dame), then *Macbeth*: other very interesting shows are to follow. The Abbey has made an Olympian pronouncement on future policy of rare and real interest in which we are promised Gaelic plays and a Festival . . . next year. Meanwhile, the No. 1 Company has gone to the U.S.A. bearing the usual samples of native "culture" to those hospitable shores; presumably, Culture will await their return.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

FILM

THE POSITION OF THE CINEMA IN IRELAND

I.—PRINCIPLES AND BEGINNINGS.

“To see with an eye is to confound the wisdom of all times.” When we have quoted that saying of Whitman’s we have nearly said all that has to be said about the Cinema. Not quite all, because whereas the reproduction of actuality in pictorial form is an important element in the film, a still more important element is the implication or meaning given to two such reproductions when closely associated in sequence. Therefore to the power of the film as a means of familiarising us with varied aspects of life, otherwise beyond our normal experience, is added the power to illuminate the external material aspects, thus leading to an appreciation of the underlying Truth behind all Life’s phenomena. It is this power of selection and association that gives the Cinema its tremendous power as a moulder of an attitude and consequently of opinion.

The range of the camera, which knows no bounds of territory, subordinates the phenomena of all nations into its material and so it shares with modern transport development the role of great internationalising influence of the twentieth century. But curiously enough its most significant development has been as a vital national influence in each country in which it has arisen. Internationalists who would seek a levelling of boundaries and languages and all the differences that make Life tolerable seem to me to make a big mistake in their overenthusiastic and often ill-considered idealism. Nationalism is something perfectly natural to man and represents the mode of highest development possible in the inhabitants of a particular region and even language represents a form of reaction to environment. What is needed in the world to-day is not a levelling of environment, but an appreciation of the differences of environment, thus making possible the only true brotherhood of man. It is this appreciation that the Cinema can be such a powerful means of giving. An appreciation based not on theories and clichés, but on the understanding of the fundamental nature of Man—an understanding best seen in the work of the practical man of vision—the artist.

Therefore, while I consider that the production of Films should be on a decidedly national basis—that it should feed and batten on the finest elements in its immediate environment and where these elements are only dimly burning should help their development, I still think that the best work of each country should be readily available to all other countries. In the cinema it is as true as in the other Arts that the best work has been decidedly national in character. One has only to think of the Cinema of the Russians, the German Cinema of Lang, Pabst, Murnau and Pommer; and even the American Cinema, usually considered as merely an international menace, is a perfect reflection of American Civilisation—slick, quick-tempoed and gilded with its spiritually cold-blooded cafeteria culture. The results of the importations from the old world represent just the reactions of America to Europe and create no new spiritual fusion.

The internationalism of penetration is even often superficial while nevertheless disastrous. The true spirit of internationalism is one of giving, not of superimposing nor of crushing. Before one can give it is necessary to see what one has and here is where the national aspect of Cinema enters. Thus we see that the dictum " Art is international in its content and national in its details " is as true for Cinema as for Komisarjevsky's Theatre.

When we talk of film we generally think of the story-film sent to us as entertainment from the studios or perhaps we think also of the short interest film which acts as part entertainment and part instructional or educational. Actually there are many types of film each having its definite purpose—exploiting perhaps a different possibility of the mechanical illusion of moving pictures. Once that initial purpose is decided the film becomes a job of making calling for skill and a sense of fitness, proportion and elimination of the unnecessary. As normally the making will involve a reflection of Life or the actual recording of material taken from Life so the material purpose will to a greater or lesser degree give way to a higher purpose. Thus the Cinema ranges from abstract film to the story film—to the Documentary.

Now the man who makes bears a certain relationship to the thing he makes. He is aware of the end to which the thing was fashioned. He has disciplined himself to be worthy of making it. To achieve its completion simply and joyously. Assuming of course that it is not a question of compulsion or that he must make it appear to have an end for which its masters never intended it. And here we have the paradox of the film as we know it to-day. Its material reaches us, affects us, becomes part of our experience while its purpose is vague, now honest, now insincere, swung round like a weathervane blown by the winds of Lust and Avarice which are euphemistically called Money and Finance. The Cinema is not the champion of corruption ; it is the unwilling victim. It can be as potent an agent of Good as of Evil and these potentialities are directly proportional. As Evil is the irrational, anarchical and unnecessary element in Life, so is the plight of the Cinema reflected in the cult of the unnecessary, irrelevant and superficial in the structure of the film to-day. When discussion is so centred on the content of commercial film as a source of degradation it is not surprising that the degrading mental association with the unnecessary and cheap in the formal structure is overlooked. Yet this spirit of confusion and disorder subconsciously assimilated by millions of filmgoers must be a contributory cause of the almost universal cult of the ugly. Here in Ireland I have the impression that we are little able to stand up to this battery of mediocrity, being as we are with a war-shattered and almost completely broken tradition. The spirit of Ireland has yet to justify itself in the works of Peace and to offer homage to Goodness with a sense of Beauty and Purpose.

At the moment our spiritual poverty is only too discernible in the daily current of our life despite the trumpeting and flagwaving. What passes for cultural effort too often dissolves into the misty vapours of bourgeois self-satisfaction. A mediocre cinema fosters this false security in the thousands

that flock to it as a means of escape from the tedium of spiritually dead routine

It has seemed of some importance to me to stress these points at the beginning. I intend that they shall keep my facts in their correct perspective as otherwise it would be very easy to get lost in the maze of figures and fairytale atmosphere of actuality. Too often indeed do we lose the sense and meaning of existence as we are precipitated from moment to moment, and in the Cinema we are encouraged to forget, in the subtlest ways that certain of the world's masters can devise.

It is probably common knowledge that the mechanical device which makes Cinema possible was invented at the end of the last century. Edison's Kinetoscope using Eastman-Kodak film appeared in 1889. Through the peephole of this machine one person could see some fifty feet of film giving the illusion of movement. With the appearance in Europe of the projector which enabled a large audience to view the moving picture cast on a screen, the cinema was launched on its commercial career. At first the novelty of the illusion was great enough to interest the public and mere movement was all that was needed. But familiarity demanded more and the commercial sponsors had to fall back on Drama as the inducement to draw crowds to their shows. Films increased in length until the colossal and stupendous "Great Train Robbery" was made by Edwin S. Porter in 1903, and this epic reached the length of 800 feet. Its players were G. M. Anderson or Broncho Billy as he came to be called, and Mae Murray. The film cost about £100 to produce and securing a world wide distribution it proved the moneymaking capacity of the new invention.

The plot was as follows : A lonely telegraph operator is surprised by a couple of bandits who at the point of a revolver order him to hold up a train. Boarding the express, the bandits climb over the roofs of the carriages and spring upon the unsuspecting driver and fireman. The train is pillaged from end to end and one passenger endeavouring to escape is shot. Meanwhile the operator has managed to send for help and the sheriff in the nearby town calls his posse together. Riding swiftly they are in time to drop upon the bandits before they have a chance to get away. One of their number attempts to escape, but is shot down by one of the sheriff's men. The formula which this plot follows is no doubt familiar.

There is a point of interest attaching to this film which I think I should mention. A copy of this film had been purchased in Cork by a Scottish teacher, who on hearing a reference made to it at the Scottish Educational Cinema Society, informed the speaker of the existence of this copy of the film. It has since been handed over to the British Film Institute, who now guard it as one of their treasures.

(to be continued)

FILM SOCIETY : SECOND SEASON

An attractive programme has been arranged for the Film Society's present season, which starts this month. The Czech sound film "Hey Rup" will
(continued on page 77)

CORRESPONDENCE

FIANNA FAIL AND THE REPUBLIC

SIR,

It is a great pity that nearly all the Republican criticism of the new Free State Constitution, and of the Fianna Fáil Party generally, should take the line of deploring the "weakness" of that Party in its failure to restore the Republic.

It seems to be generally accepted by Republicans that the Fianna Fáil Party set out to abolish the Free State and restore the Republic—that in seeking for an easy means of doing so it became a parliamentary party, entered the Free State Dáil, and became so contaminated by the Free State institutions that it gradually lost its Republican faith and became reconciled to the half-in and half-out of the Empire status that is to be ours under the new Constitution.

Your editorial notes this month appear to accept that theory, and I beg leave to suggest to you that not only is it an incorrect appreciation of the rôle of the Fianna Fáil Party, but that it would help to perpetuate the misunderstanding of the Fianna Fáil Party's politics which, during recent years, has reduced the Republican organisations to helplessness. (Tom Barry confessed, in an issue of *An Phoblacht*, dated May 22, 1937, that until the new Constitution was published he had hoped that Mr. de Valera would avail of that opportunity to re-declare the Republic).

The same misunderstanding of Fianna Fáil has made it possible for the leaders of the Labour Party to dodge the issue of national independence by arguing that they are not interested in "Mr. de Valera's kind of Republic."

I suggest to you that the points of difference between Mr. de Valera and Mr. Cosgrave were *from the first* differences of degree and not of essence, and that the new Constitution marks the attainment of the objective that was before the eyes of the leaders of the Fianna Fáil Party from its beginning—that it is a crystallization of the ideas of reconciling Irish Nationalism with British Imperialism through some formula for "external" association that were voiced by Mr. de Valera before the Truce, when he spoke of the acceptance by Republicans of "Cuban Status" for Ireland, and that were put into form later on in "Document No. 2."

I believe that the reasons for that recognition of the necessity for compromise went far deeper than mere war-weariness. I believe that a search into the conduct of the Dáil Courts—into the issues that arose between landlord and tenant and between Capital and Labour before the Truce—would throw a great deal of light on this subject. I have in mind some pamphlets, entitled, "Constructive Work of Dáil Eireann," issued by the Republican Government, in which it deplored the development of "class struggle" within the Republican movement, and boasted that it had forcibly prevented the seizure and division of estates by landless men. And I believe that the abandonment of the independent Republic by both Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. de Valera at that time could be shown to be simply the triumph of the Griffith theory of Irish Nationalism over the Connolly theory.

Arthur Griffith's vision of an Ireland made free and prosperous by a Capitalist industrial revival did not fit in with complete separation from the economic structure that is the British Empire. Griffith knew that it did not, and was never a separatist, though some of his disciples had to learn that lesson by experience.

Connolly's vision of an Ireland made free and prosperous by the seizure of

power by the productive workers and the overthrow of Capitalism did necessitate a complete break with the Empire. It left no room for any kind of Imperial link.

Now that a new beginning has to be made by Republicans these things are of importance. The new Capitalist industrialism has every reason to be satisfied with the "freedom" it has achieved. The next move would appear to be with those who starve under that measure of freedom.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE GILMORE

Ballawley,
Dundrum, Co. Dublin.
23rd August, 1937.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

SIR,

Entering, in the year 1937, into the Modern *versus* Traditional Architecture (more rationally Architecture *versus* Archaeology) controversy is less like flogging a dead horse than exhuming a well-buried one. "Stop Thief" of the native Blomfieldism champion in your August issue re-opens the P.M.

Mr. Dowling assures us that there is some reason to believe that our ancestors who developed the gabled roof were not all asses, nor, he should in fairness add, when they rode in stage coaches or walked on red-hot coals to cure neuralgia. If, in roofs, the ideas of our ancestors represent the height of wisdom, why not also in transport and medicine? "If we were to grant," he continues, "that the flat roof were—as beautiful, in the abstract, as the gabled roof." He might add, to make his lack of meaning more clear: "If we were to grant that Thursdays were as beautiful, in the abstract, as Wednesdays, or that Shirley Temple were as beautiful (always considered in the abstract) as our Lord Mayor."

From premises in this vein he derives, logically enough, his text to the effect that modern architecture represents a conscious break with tradition not demanded by any development in public taste; as if the form of architecture should be dictated by public taste or public opinion any more than by the Non-Intervention Committee of the League of Nations. The form of a building is dictated in the first place by the purpose for which it is intended, by those specific requirements which father the three-dimensional arrangement of units which is the "plan" of the structure. Secondly, form is dictated by the manner in which the sum of building science is used to give concrete form to the plan-conception.

Tradition, in architecture, is a record of the achievements of great architects in solving problems in design and construction within the limitations of the methods of building at their disposal; a record too of adherence to certain canons of design—unity, proportion, balance, rhythm, etc.—which are common to great buildings of whatever period or "style." The high-pitched roof of Cormac's Chapel, the flying buttresses of Rheims, the dome of the Pantheon, are concrete expressions of problems in design and construction successfully and beautifully solved, problems and solutions arising directly from the limitations of the current knowledge of building science. The ornament applied to these features is, further, a logical accentuation and punctuation of the particular form of construction. A great building must be constructed by the best methods known to its designer, and *must* express such methods

in its general external and internal appearance. The advances in the science of planning, the outstanding feature of recent building research, and the extraordinary development of new constructional methods have resulted in, not a revolution, but a logical and inevitable change in the form of buildings. A church or house produced to-day "in the Gothic (or Renaissance or Romanesque) style" is as much an aesthetic abortion as a modern English play in the language of Chaucer. For architecture, as language, has its grammar and idiom, and so-called "Traditional Architecture" is a violation of the fundamental canons of traditional design.

Again, the Irish Romanesque was a "native style" only to the extent that it was the Irish variant of a Europe-wide mode of building, and differed only from German, French, and Italian Romanesque as these differed from each other, and was doubtless labelled "imported" by the John Dowlings of the time. Similarly, vital Irish architecture of to-day is the national variant of a world-wide mode of building. If a person uneducated in architecture finds difficulty in distinguishing the national characteristics of, for example, modern Finnish and Japanese architecture, he can take comfort from the certainty that if he is uneducated in music he will experience no less difficulty in distinguishing Bax from Béla Bartók.

Mr. Dowling, I'm sure, would not tolerate in his home a fake Goya or an imitation Jacobean chair, yet he is apparently content to say his prayers in a fake-Gothic or imitation Hiberno-Romanesque church. He would not expect a modern Irish musical work to take the form of a bagpipe concerto incorporating excerpts of traditional Irish airs, yet in architecture he must have the external show, the outworn and now meaningless trappings, the arcadings, chevron, and high-pitched roof (although these features in themselves are no more Irish than they are Dutch or Czech), rather than the tradition of good and beautiful building set by Irish architects since before the time of the unfortunate scapegoat on the Rock of Cashel.

Isn't a great deal of it a misconception arising from the use of that word "Style"?—an idea that style is something of caprice and fashion, something almost culled from the catalogue and stuck on to the skeleton structure, and not the logical result of aesthetic, social, and scientific, development. Mr. Dowling's mistake is, I believe, neither greater nor less than that of the gerry builder, who turns out Tudor villas to-day and "Streamline" houses to-morrow.

Yours, etc.,

GERALD McNICHOLL

Esker House,
Upper Rathmines, Dublin.
August 29th, 1937.

[It is disappointing that Mr. McNicholl did not choose to meet the subject of modern architecture as seriously as it deserves. The string of analogies with which he adorns his theme, though highly diverting, tend to obscure his argument which seems to be mainly a plea for functionalism in architecture, rather curiously associated with an admiration for the flying buttresses of Rheims.

Leaving out Shirley Temple, The League of Nations, bag-pipe concertos and the rest, the larger bones of Mr. McNicholl's contention are revealed as three in number :—

- (1) Irish architecture to-day is the national variant of a world-wide mode of building.
- (2) The form of a building is dictated by its purpose.

(3) Modern architecture is conditioned by the development of new constructional methods.

It is fair to presume that these axioms are intended to be relevant to the article in the August number, which prompted them, and are to be applied to and to justify the kind of architecture which was there discussed. Not any imaginary ideal, but the kind we see everywhere in our suburbs and in the Church at Turner's Cross. Applying Mr. McNicholl's axioms to these examples one can only say:

- (1) They are not national variants of anything.
- (2) Their forms are not dictated by their purpose.
- (3) They are not conditioned by any development of new constructional methods.

The last of these statements may appear to be a bold one, but in view of the fact that these revolutionary discoveries have only, so far, been mysteriously hinted, one is justified in requiring a little more information before prostrating oneself in homage before them.

I entertain a suspicion that Mr. McNicholl is not a wholehearted partisan of either the "sun-trap villa" or the Church at Turner's Cross. He shies away from them rather pointedly. But it would seem as if he has an ideal for Irish architecture and that he is anxious to defend it. Some further light on that ideal would be very helpful at the moment.—JOHN DOWLING]

ART—continued from page 63

space would be provided for pictures, and in a better light. A partition dropped from the balcony could hold all the pictures now on the walls, as the roof lighting is central, leaving a passage behind, in which the attendants could lurk.

No reward or even acknowledgment is expected for this architectural brain-wave which is here advanced as an answer to the charge that this feature of IRELAND TO-DAY is lacking in *constructive* criticism. It offers the only hope of increasing the wall-space available for displaying pictures in the National Gallery without extending the present building. And it is not as frivolous a suggestion as it may seem, nor without precedent. In parts of the Louvre, floor space is made subservient to wall space, and this is as it should be, since the first function of a picture gallery is to show pictures. JOHN DOWLING

FILM—continued from page 73

be something of an innovation, while Denis Johnston's "Guests of the Nation" will represent Ireland's contribution to the programme. Mr. Johnston will speak on the making of the film to the Society. "The Road to Life," "The Wonderful Lie," "Turksib," "Caligari" and "The Nibelungs" will be shown as well as several outstanding documentary films. Lectures on various aspects of Film will be given.

An Advisory Council recently established to guide the conduct of the Society and sponsor various Film investigations includes Kenneth Reddin, D.J., Geoffrey Dalton, Joseph A. Power, Lennox Robinson, Miss Roisin Walsh, Mrs. May Carey, Andrew E. Malone, Professor Felix Hackett and Dr. Lloyd Praeger.

The subscription for the season is one guinea, and a prospectus may be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, Irish Film Society, 41 S.C.R., Portobello.

L. Ó L.

BOOK SECTION

BOOKS AND PRISONS

Talking with a political prisoner just emerged from the Glass House, I got some interesting information on the subject of jail libraries and fitness or unfitness of certain books and periodicals from the Governor's point of view. Needless to say, the ordinary daily papers are not admitted, probably in the interests of order. I have no very strong feelings on this point, though the prisoners may consider it the greater deprivation. In fact the apprentice in the manufacture of history might benefit from this kind of protection from the 'nationalising' influence of our various national newspapers. One would expect a Government, which believes so strongly in the power of education to mould and influence the young mind, to utilise enforced confinement to create better citizens after its pet model. Surely the Government must believe that the young member of the Irish Republican army will come into line with the present half-in half-out of the Empire status when he gets the Republican movement into its proper historical perspective. And I presume Mr. de Valera's preface to Dorothy Macardle's *The Irish Republic* gave at least a *nihil obstat* to that book as a government-approved survey of the movement and the struggle. Yet, strange to say, *The Irish Republic* is not available to prisoners confined in the Glass House. Nor was it a question of inordinate expense; even when the prisoners clubbed together and subscribed to purchase the book, it was still not available. The same, I believe, applies to Dr. Maloney's *The Forged Casement Diaries* in both the Glass House and Arbour Hill. I wonder if Authority has any reason for this. Perhaps the Executive Council is afraid to place too severe a strain on the sanity of the I.R.A. prisoner of 1937 by introducing him to the political history of his present jailers. Or is it that Authority is delegated and re-delegated until it arrives in the hands of some brutalised and brutalising "G" man who takes pleasure in the mere indiscriminate exercise of it?

My information regarding books is not very extensive; but, as far as I can gather, no attempt is made to supply prisoners with solid Irish historical matter of fairly recent times and that there seems to be a definite prejudice against such books even when they are free from any contemporary party bias. There are, I am informed, no Irish text books in the library of this prison of this Gaelicising government. On the other hand, crime, detective and romantic fiction are fairly well represented, while the whole rests on the solid basis of the Victorian novel with Dickens for cornerstone. Think of the winter's evening, the cell, the prisoner and "Bleak House."

Our own experience is rather in keeping with this. The first two issues of *IRELAND TO-DAY* were allowed in to the Glass House. At that stage, somebody somewhere decided that we were not fit reading for the prisoners and since then no copy has been admitted. Some months later, to put the matter to the test, we sent a complete file, addressed to the most prominent of the then internees. On the cover of the parcel we requested that, if the Magazines could not be delivered, they be returned to us. We heard nothing officially on the matter then or since, but, according to the reports of prisoners since released, the Magazines were not delivered. Something similar occurred in the case of Arbour Hill, and so we believe ourselves not too rash in concluding that the veto came from some authority other than that of the governors of the respective prisons.

Political prisoners, on the whole, find it difficult to obtain Irish periodicals. American crime fiction, true detective yarns in which sex and blood are the main ingredients, are easily available. Cheap English syndicated weeklies, blatantly sensational and disguisedly pornographic, can be had for asking and payment. Most of the books in the Arbour Hill stock still bear the date stamps of their original issue to the British Army of Occupation.

The man in jail will read anything and I would not claim that all the political prisoners are obsessed with a desire for books of literary or educational value. I can see the necessity for supervising the reading of men imprisoned in view of the conditions and atmosphere of prison life, but I do think the present system, or rather lack of system, a totally unnecessary and even pernicious aggravation of the punishment. For the moment, I am not considering either the justice or the logic of the imprisonment itself, accepting it, for what it is, an expedient imposed on self-proclaiming Republicans by their acceptance of an anomalous position. But if, in spite of rumours to the contrary, the Government intends keeping its jails filled with political prisoners, I would suggest that some arrangement be entered into with County or Municipal Libraries to supply books which would be available to the prisoners on demand, or that they be allowed books on the system used at present by the Central Library for Students. Either system would be amenable to the closest supervision and I am sure that the political prisoners, if allowed this privilege, would give any undertakings their jailers might ask not to abuse it. All this is possible unless we still believe that imprisonment is merely punitive. The deprivation of physical liberty is bad enough without the added punishment of mental starvation and the mental strain of the not infrequent solitary confinements without books. What objection can there be that could not be overcome? After all, does not Mr. Felix Meehan, just resigned from the governorship of Portlaoighise prison, claim for the convicts under his charge that "they can get all the books they want." Surely the Government does not believe that the young I.R.A. man will become more dangerous as he becomes better informed—or maybe it does.

EDWARD SHEEHY

THE IRISH SHELF

THE MEN OF THE WEST

THE LAST INVASION OF IRELAND. By Richard Hayes. (*Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. 1937. 340 pp. 15/-*).

The last invasion of Ireland—perhaps! However, here is the whole story—or as much of it as the indefatigable zeal of Dr. Richard Hayes can bring to light for the moment. He has collected much new information from the English State Paper Offices, and from the French Archives. Most valuable work of all, he has of late years covered, with pious tread, the whole ground from Killala to Ballinamuck, has followed Humbert in his perilous venture, and has garnered everything that tradition can now record of the men who risked life and lands in 1798 to make a new hecatomb of broken hopes in Northern Connacht.

For those who belong to the household of the National Faith, the book will carry with it something that is re-vivifying. It enables one to establish new contacts with that period when truculent ruffianism was the brand of the Ascendancy. We meet the type everywhere in this work, from Donnachadh an Ropa to Dr. Stock of Killala. And their historiams—Maxwell and Musgrave and the rest of them—Dr. Hayes shows them up in their true colours and relief.

entirely on British sources to prove that, in spite of centuries of provocation, the people under arms inflicted no injury on their Protestant and loyalist oppressors—a generous attitude which, when the fortunes of war changed, was ill requited by the executions, torturings, and half-hangings indulged in by General Lake and his fellows.

Within the ambit of a short review, it is useless to try to give more than general impressions of the work. The characteristic thing about Dr. Hayes's work is the simple and forthright nature of his narrative. He indulges in no tricks and no rhetoric, and this merit of his is discernible from the beginning to the end of the work. What could be more impressive than his description of the conduct of the peasant army at Ballinamuck, where Humbert made separate terms for his own French troops, leaving his ill-armed allies to be butchered immediately afterwards by Lake—

"They stood on the hill-side in a compact body, and watched with anxiety the formalities of surrender. These were settled, and a momentary interval of suspense followed. Then sharp orders rang suddenly out from the English lines, and at once cavalry and infantry corps swept down on the massed insurgents. For them the day's holocaust had begun. . . ."

Or again, the picture of that lithe-limbed dark-featured man—it was Captain Henry O'Kane, the curé from Nantes, now in the blue uniform of France—who was the first to come ashore at Killala."

"Baring his chest, he lay prone on the earth, which he kissed three times with reverence."

The book is full of men like this—men forgotten, until now Dr. Hayes has made them something round which memories and the feelings of romance can cluster, so that for coming generations of Irishmen they will stand embodied, have an enduring existence and be a source of constant inspiration to our youth.

SÉAMUS Ó CEALLAIGH

THE RISE OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN, 1791-1794. By Rosamund Jacob. (*Harrap*. 12s. 6d.) pp. 256.

The closing decade of eighteenth-century Ireland is a pivotal period in her history. Great events marked it—the passing of a effete concept of patriotism, the awakening of a conscious nationalism, the birth of democracy, the lightening of the chains that weighed heavily on three-fourths of the people. These changes unloosed spiritual forces which, set free, have ever since energised and profoundly influenced Ireland. And in these last years of the eighteenth century we may date the re-birth of a nation whose voice to-day is heard once more in the chancelleries of Europe.

A growing literature on this period of our history is a feature of recent years, and Miss Jacob's book is the latest and not the least interesting addition to it. In her narrative she clearly traces the beginning and early progress of the United Irishmen, in whose movement were to crystallise all the passionate enthusiasms and ideals of the day. The first part of her fine work surveys dispassionately the years preceding the birth of that movement and subtly analyses the complex conditions of the time, its cross-currents and under-currents. In these pages Miss Jacob, it seems to me, portrays a clearer and more real picture of the time than any other Irish writer has yet done. Unlike Lecky, she sees the country steadily and sees it whole. Lecky, despite his masterly skill in sketching the history of that loud-voiced colony of aliens which was then dominant and pretended to believe itself the Irish nation, was temperamentally unfit—or was unwilling—to portray the real Ireland which lay broken, silent and brooding, in the shadowy background. And where he

touches on it, as he occasionally does, he betrays a lamentable lack of understanding and sympathy that lessens the value of his otherwise splendid work. But Miss Jacob sees that Ireland in all its pity and tragedy, and sees, too, the hopes and dreams that sustained it in its agony. Passages like the following, typical of many others, display her insight and understanding:—

"The people were Irish still. Middle-aged men and women living in 1790 might remember some who had fought at Limerick and Aughrim; it was not long since the Wild Geese had drawn recruits from home, and the last school of poets, heirs of a pre-Christian tradition, still met and competed in village taverns. They still spoke their own language throughout the country; the descendants of foreign planters, who owned their land and trampled them underfoot, were to them Ghaill, and in their songs and poems they still predicted the fall of these foreign boors who had enslaved them."

Miss Jacob traces clearly the gradual development of the United organisation and the nation's resurgence in face of hostile reactionary forces. With equal clarity she shows the very real help which the patriot leaders gave to the Catholic Committee when their combined labours materialised triumphantly in the Catholic Relief Act of 1793. Her pages are lit up with vivid portraits of many of the personalities of the day. Tone especially, toiling tirelessly for the cause nearest his heart, stands out—"a slim young man, dark-haired, neither handsome nor dignified, but careful in his dress, with a pale, strong-featured face, instinct with life and intelligence." We see clearly, too, Tone's friend and fellow-labourer in the Catholic cause, John Keogh. A massive figure, a little enigmatic, a little vain, cautious, timid and militant alternately. And there is a moving portrait of Thomas Russell—he has "a gentler, simpler, more reserved and more serious character than Tone . . . is religious . . . is moved by an intense compassion for all the poor and oppressed, a slow, deep absorbing passion for justice and brotherhood, without a spark of malice."

Though the main narrative of this book is limited to the period 1791–1794, its earlier portion gives a comprehensive picture of the preceding years, and I know no more lucid account of a complex period. The style, too, of this balanced book has a fine distinction. It is attractively produced and illustrated, and I hope that we shall have not long to wait for its companion volume, that will tell us the later history of the United Irishmen.

R. H.

NEW DUBLIN POETRY

INTERCESSIONS. By Denis Devlin. (*The Europa Press*. 3s. 6d.)

The Europa Press has followed up its publication of Samuel Beckett's *Echo's Bones* with another volume of poems from Dublin. Mr. Beckett and Mr. Devlin have one characteristic in common, respect for their medium. They write like intelligent and educated men, with nothing of the facetiousness that so frequently makes the work of the fashionable London poets of their generation tiresome and silly, with nothing either of the ludicrously solemn clumsiness of the ruralizing disciples of the Hardy of *Moments of Vision*. Perhaps the credit should go to their Dublin upbringing, perhaps to their continental education. In any case it is credit.

Apart from that, two poets could hardly be more different from each other. Where Mr. Beckett gathers all his forces into single precise statements:

before morning you shall be here
and Dante and the Logos and all strata and mysteries
and the branded moon
beyond the white plane of music

Mr. Devlin is all evocation :

..... uncertain
 Like a mother covering her ears
 When the last son slams the door and she cowers from its echoes
 I am made to speak

The one eliminates, the other accumulates. Mr. Beckett is cloistered within himself. He is a poet of the cloistered self on whom experience is an intrusion. Sometimes his poetry has the temper of *The Imitation*.

with whatever trust of panic we went out
 with so much shall we return

If there be a work of religious literature that Mr. Devlin's work recalls, it is surely the *Fioretti*. He has something of the riotous poetry-making quality of Francis. He sees poetry everywhere and identifies himself poetically with all the phenomena about him. He is a "windjammer windjamming" with his "sky changing its costumes all day long." He is "a cloudburst of starlings." He is a seaport on the west coast. He delights in

Brilliant fierce eagles
 And goldfinches asleep

And whatever the obstacles, he believes in the ultimate realization of perfect existence :

My tower is far and I have seen it seldom
 I know that it is bound in the steel necessity
 Of its own girders

He even has a revolutionary *Bacchanal*. And he cries out to the statue with the blindfolded eyes :

..... Come down, let there be
 Justice though the heavens fall

It is, however, the radiant light that plays about them which makes these poems valuable. I should like to be able to quote *The Statue and The Perturbed Burghers* and *Daphne Stillorgan* in full, so radiant are they from beginning to end. Of the latter it must suffice to say that it is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with any Renaissance picture of Apollo's pursuit and the nymph's metamorphosis into a tree.

It is notable that there is no poem here on the subject of Ireland. Have the politicians so degraded La Houlihan that the younger Irish poets do not even notice her existence?

THOMAS MCGREEVY

ECONOMIC

MONEY AND MORALS. By Eric Gill. (*Faber and Faber*. 6/-.) pp. 156.

Morals relate to how a person lives, and how a person lives depends a great deal on the kind of job he's got. In the modern world the end of work has been lost sight of and in consequence the end of life itself recedes during the week into the dim background of consciousness, to be violently dragged forward for Sunday parade, if even then, or during periodic stampedes heavenwards.

This disintegration of man has been readily achieved by the rise to power of the money masters and their servants the machines. Man has been relieved of responsibility and either been thrown out on the streets by the machine or reduced to the position of an attendant slave.

Production has been enormously increased, but consumption of the product has been proportionately reduced by the existence of the money control in the hands of a few who exploit work and consumption for their own material gain, and what is really the nation's work goes, not to the benefit of the people, but to swell the pockets of the few.

It is within such a system that we all eke out a living and are committed to such a system by the compromise of our silence.

Mr. Gill is one of those people who refuse to be silent. With a deep sense of the interdependence of things he ranges over a wide field shattering that sense of the pigeon-holing of life's phenomena which has produced such a helpless chaos. He is a Catholic in the fullest sense. So much so that he must be a constant embarrassment to many of the Catholic clergy whose position in the modern world is only tenable by their not letting their right hand know what their left hand does.

In the title essay of the new enlarged edition of his "Money and Morals," Mr. Gill touches controversy when he says:—

"Scrap machinery and communism would be absurd. Keep machinery and the consequent big business which machinery necessarily involves and you must choose between communism and fascism. Fascism is the sort of state ownership favoured by the big industrialists . . . I admit that, as between communism and fascism, I'm all for communism. It is clear to me at least, that simple ideas of justice and love of one's neighbour do not exist in the minds of the big industrialists."

Such statements are disturbing until seen in the perspective of Mr. Gill's clear and simple line of argument, a line of argument completely orthodox. In the modern world the application of orthodoxy is the highest form of revolution. But then who is orthodox?

"The Politics of Industrialism," "Men and Things and Things of Stone" and "Unemployment" complete the book which is illustrated by the vital satire of Denis Tegetmeier.

There is much that one would like to quote from this book, so full is it of sound common sense and plain talk. The general trend of this book and indeed of all Mr. Gill's writings may however be summed up in one passage from "Money and Morals."

"Revealed truth presupposes natural truth. Revealed morals presupposes natural morals. Right thinking precedes right faith. Right living precedes right loving. It is not enough that we preserve our sanity. It is necessary also that we preserve our common humanity."

LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE

THE GREATEST OF INDUSTRIES

THE HILL LANDS OF BRITAIN. By Professor R. G. Stapledon. (*London Faber and Faber. 6/-.*) pp. 138.

This would be considered a notable book in any society possessed of an elementary perception of its real interests. In this age, which believes that its future depends upon armaments and mass murder, so sane and humane a writer has little chance of being heard.

Professor Stapledon believes, and the facts sustain him, that agriculture is the greatest of industries, and the one on which every nation ultimately must mainly depend, and he believes that it is of the first importance for every nation to bring the land on which its people live to a high degree of productivity. The Hill Lands of which he writes correspond to the areas usually classed as

rough and mountain grazing. In dealing with this subject he is not only a purveyor of original and interesting theories, but as a practical scientist, has done notable pioneer work in the improvement of mountain pastures.

The areas which Professor Stapledon advocates should be put to more productive use consist of some eighteen million acres of highlands in Great Britain. Many English towns are cluttered up with unemployed people while great stretches of the country are uninhabited wastes. As time passes the towns become more and more cluttered up by the people they cannot use and do not want while the country grows more empty. The sheer stupidity and purposeless waste of what we are pleased to call our "Civilization" beggars description.

Professor Stapledon advocates the establishment of a national authority to take over the highlands, to develop and improve the productivity of the land, and to make the highlands a source of wealth as well as a cultural asset for the nation. The case he makes is overwhelming and complete, and the practical value of what he proposes is beyond question.

This of course will not prevent Professor Stapledon's most important work from being ignored. The real values in which he deals, and the quiet sanity of his discussion of them are outside the limited range of the political and financial magnates who rule England. No penny which can be used in preparing for the coming struggle for power in Europe will be spared for the rehabilitation of rural England.

Lest it be thought that we in Ireland are in any position to cast a stone it may be pointed out that here the same problems are being similarly ignored, and with less excuse.

The Hill Lands of Ireland are left for the most part as desolate wastes, though nearly all of them could be made productive land on which a busy and prosperous population could live. While this is the case, the condition of the western crofters fills the newspapers, stirred into a momentary interest by the horrors of a very recent tragedy.

The work which Professor Stapledon has done in Great Britain would be very highly prized in a rational society, and there is much that we in Ireland could profitably learn from him, if we had one here.

Perhaps when the last inhabitant of the Gaeltacht has departed for an English slum or a Scotch "bothy" the Government will appoint a commission to report on the wealth which would be produced from the Irish Highlands. The report will be very interesting, but by then the absence of any available labour in the western desert will prevent its recommendations being carried out.

BULMER HOBSON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND FICTION

A ROLLING STONE

ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE. By S. P. B. Mais. (London: *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.)

To see life steadily and see it whole it is best, perhaps, not to take too intense an interest in its hurly-gurly. The Ivory Tower would appear to be the finest vantage-point from which to view the scrum if there is to be any effort made to interpret the game. For the moment, however, the hurler on the ditch is out of favour, and it is not agreed that he who sits on the fence sees most of the game: this is the moment when those who have taken their places in the pack at once proceed to write about it.

When it is said that truth is stranger than fiction it might seem that more

than a passing reference is intended for memoirs, autobiographies, and biographies. Those whose business it is to spot 'best-sellers' have been shrewd enough to see the reference, a fact that may account for the recent partiality for such works. When boys of 14 and 16 offer a gasping public their views of life and the world, and when the unusual angles of the waiter and the pugilist are eagerly sought, there is much to be said in favour of Mr. S. P. B. Mais. He has seen and done many things, he is observant and educated, and he can write effectively. His book is, therefore, one that deserves to be given an asterisk in any library list.

Like the Walrus, Mr. Mais can "talk of many things," and he talks of all things in an equally interesting fashion. He has been a schoolmaster, an athlete, a journalist, a lecturer, and at all times a traveller; he has touched life at many points, and whether he discourses of Bacon or bacon his talk is always vital and vivacious. All who have heard him talk, as a broadcaster for the B.B.C., will not need to be told that his talk is good. All who have heard him will want to read this book: those who have not yet made his acquaintance should do so at once. It may be that he is not subtle or profound or poetical; but these are not qualities sought in books to-day. In the qualities which bring books to the head of "What People are Reading" lists this book is replete. It can be thoroughly enjoyed, without either painful thought or thoughtful pain. What more can anyone ask?

A. E. M.

A QUESTION OF STANDARD

PETER WARING. By Forrest Reid. (*Faber and Faber*. 7/6.)

HARVEST COMEDY. By Frank Swinnerton. (*Hutchinson*. 8/6d.)

Quite apart from criticism, the classification of any novel appearing in this year of grace 1937, is an extremely difficult business. For it is a book's rank, or *rating*, that determines the critic's attitude. In poetry, for example, there are no varying levels; either it is poetry or it isn't. Furthermore, if it is poetry, it can and must be judged by the highest standards. Where would modern prose be under the same conditions?

The critic finds himself in the invidious position of having to compare modern novels with each other. Otherwise he would have to fall back on some such formula as: "While incomparably superior to the shilling shocker, this book is equally inferior to prose of the first rank . . ." etc. If these two books were to be compared with Joyce as a modern, or Sir Thomas Browne as a classic, they would be equally insignificant. On the other hand, by the standards of "modern" seven-and-sixpenny "fiction," Mr. Swinnerton would probably gain the palm, while Meredith and Stevenson would unquestionably prefer Mr. Forrest Reid. For that matter, so do I, but I'm in a fix about it. It is not enough to like, or dislike a book; there ought to be some reason or other for preferences. Let's get to motives!

Why were these two books ever written? In Mr. Reid's case the answer is not hard to find. He is obviously a bit of a poet, in love with a fragment of life; slight, almost trivial, but rather beautiful. And he has fused it all into an homogeneous and romantic whole with every ounce of literary feeling he has—and he has plenty. But why so slight? Why so ephemeral? The masterful ease of his prose seems to fill up every cranny, to round off every sharp edge, thereby removing that sting which is the hall-mark of life itself. It is Perugino in prose with the soft pedal hard down right through. It is a slow movement without the sonata's iron frame-work. It is somehow—"wanting."

At the same time, there can be no question of Mr. Reid's artistic integrity. "Peter Waring" is a completely re-written version of "Following Darkness," published as long ago as 1912. How many writers of to-day will be eager to re-shape and re-vivify their work twenty-five years hence? The majority are only too glad of the oblivion into which their last-but-one-or-two have sunk. Another facet of "modern" fiction . . .

Leaving any possible commercial reasons aside, it is difficult to guess what urged Mr. Swinnerton to write a triple-Forsythe-Saga, running into 600 well-packed pages, for it certainly was not love for his characters. On the other hand, he has the grand scale, and the powerful mechanism which Mr. Reid lacks. It must have been the intellectual pleasure in planning and unravelling a highly complicated plot that fascinated Mr. Swinnerton, for he never slackens his grip on the story, which he treats throughout with great literary craftsmanship. But nowhere is the poet-in-love to be found. Alas, this essential qualification or ingredient is replaced by a particularly odious form of sentimentality—odious because it is a good imitation of "feeling," and is only barely perceptible beneath the stiff British upperlip.

Mr. Swinnerton uses this ingredient to grease the wheels of his machinery whenever he thinks the whole outfit is likely to seize-up from sheer lack of humanity. Its introduction is always nicely worked-out and perfectly timed.

But now, as the well-lubricated machine begins its final *decrecendo*, a horrid suspicion creeps over one; one can almost see Mr. Swinnerton tidying-up his characters for the end; first comes the neat introduction of Hollywood "compensatory end-value" (*anglice*: poetic justice)—the villains are punished (but not too much), the hero rewarded (also not too much:—if one overdoes it, the "effect" is spoiled), and finally, the whole machinery, instead of "ticking over" nicely, as it would in life, suddenly stops, choked, as it were, in a mush of "feeling."

This may sound harsh, but it does really seem as though we must choose between literary cunning devoid of humanity, and simple emotional humanity, lacking mechanical grip and action. I cannot help feeling that it is Mr. Reid that scores. His little corner of life may be trivial, but he loves it sincerely and thereby lends it a rare dignity. Mr. Swinnerton's machine is incomparably more intricate. He loves starting it up, and watching it run. It is a hobby. But he is not a poet, and he does not love it. Perhaps poets do not have hobbies.

For the rest—both books are well worth the money; you pay your money, and you take your choice. Worth the money . . . what a detestable phrase . . . and how like the world to-day.

CECIL FRENCH SALKELD

NEW MAURICE WALSH NOVEL

AND NO QUARTER. By Maurice Walsh. (*Chambers*. 7/6).

In modern highbrow circles Mr. Walsh would no doubt be condemned as an escapologist. His tale of battles long ago recalls us to the time when the individual was a factor in warfare. To-day a single Japanese bomb kills 400 people in a Shanghai street; but in the period Mr. Walsh writes of things were very backward. The individual soldier was as important in battle as the member of a Rugby team on the playing-pitch.

And No Quarter deals with Montrose's campaign against the Covenanters in Scotland. The main protagonist of the novel is Martin Somers, surgeon and "adjutant of women" in O'Cahan's Irish Regiment. Somers is an Englishman with American blood in his veins, but he was reared in Ireland

and it is not to the Gaels that he gives allegiance. His closest friend is the brawny, ribald, child-like Tadhg Mor O'Kavanagh. Somers and O'Kavanagh are splendid pieces of characterisation—they may never have existed, but Mr. Walsh makes them quite convincing, which is all that matters. Indeed, though the historian might shy at the story, the ordinary reader will find the atmosphere completely convincing. The opening description of the battle of Tippermarir is a fine bit of narrative prose.

And No Quarter is not a great novel, but it is an extremely pleasant book to read, and Maurice Walsh has a prose style of unusual charm.

NIALL SHERIDAN

SOMETHING SHORT AND SWEET. By H. E. Bates. (*Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.*) pp. 288.

Mr. H. E. Bates's short, crisp, clear sentences are an astonishingly supple instrument. Never appearing to deviate from a plain, terse statement of fact, they have nevertheless a very great range of cumulative effect. Each has the precision yet the evocative power of an artist's pencil-stroke; and part of the aim and secret of Mr. Bates's art is economy of line. In this collection the sureness and concision of design are more than ever evident. The title story, for instance, is probably not two thousand words long; yet so sure is the selection of detail that this slight sketch (it concerns religious group movements) has all the power of a withering satire. Equally short is "Mister Livingstone," but by using figures at once symbolic and actual Mr. Bates has contrived a penetrating psychological study of unavailing struggle with decadence and inertia on the farm. Much more remarkable is the concentration of "Cloudburst"—undoubtedly the finest thing in the book—where the material is stripped to the barest essentials. There are two characters only, nameless; place and time are unspecified. Two old harvesters, man and wife, reap and bind doggedly, anxiously, in the heat of an approaching storm. They move "like two figures of desperate clockwork," "like two ants hurrying their eggs to safety"; and as the storm breaks and "a great silken shuddering and rustling shakes the standing beards," "they themselves are the only moving things on earth." The effect is epic in its intensity. Then there is "The Captain," an amazingly ruthless study of a sensitive boy's calculated cruelty in reaction to brutal ignorance, in which character is splendidly revealed through action; and there are two more episodes concerning Uncle Silas, of which "Finger Wet, Finger Dry," a comedy of character, is preferable to "The Sow and Uncle Silas," a hilarious farce.

This is the most important collection of short stories that Mr. H. E. Bates has yet given us. His psychological analyses, particularly of women, are delicate and sincere, his writing simple, polished, urbane.

FITZROY PYLE

THEY THAT REAP. By Gregorio Lopez Y Fuentes. (*Harrap. 7s. 6d.*)

The important thing about this Mexican prize novel is not the novel itself but the illustrations, which are by that well-known Latin Red, Diego Rivera. It is always dangerous to have a novel illustrated; either the illustrations are rotten and they first kill and then date the book, or they are too good and, as in this case, steal the show. Think of John Farleigh's designs for Shaw's "Black Girl."

Rivera's drawings have before now caused trouble from Mexico City to New York, his murals have been hacked off walls and he and his friends have called with guns (*vide* "Time"). The illustrations in this book, however, have

no trouble-making qualities ; they are simply excellent black-and-white work with a fine, controlled crudity, which seems to have gone out of Europe. We need someone like Rivera here to record our peasant life before it is swallowed up in the cities.

As I have said, the novel is the least important feature of this production ; it is a simple tale of the vicissitudes of a tribe of Indians who are the inevitable victims of the smart white man and the smarter politician. There is little wringing of withers and little excitement, but the writer does manage to convey a very real and solid life and a very simple and charming people. We are introduced to various small tragedies, the boy who is tortured by the gold-mad white men and becomes a cripple, the evildoing witch doctor, the revolutionary school-teacher, who finds that politics pay. Primitive and pathetic, the story is a familiar one, a theme common to all downtrodden peoples and an absolute cinch for winning national prizes.

DONAGH MACDONAGH

ART

AN INTRODUCTION TO DUTCH ART. By R. H. Wilenski. (*Faber and Faber*. 15/-.) pp. 295.

I confess that I opened this book determined in advance to dislike it. Because I think—or did think—that books on “ Art ” are deadly in two ways. They are either dreary catalogues, or literary effusions full of anecdotes or bunk psychology.

But in this case I found myself reading with great pleasure an account of the work of Franz Hals which seemed to me an excellently just and capable evaluation of that great man. It is written, moreover, as if the writer felt about paint as painters do. So I continued to read with much satisfaction, and if the book had been twice as long I would very willingly have read it all. It is long enough however to give a very clear picture of the men and influences and specific characteristics of the limited period with which it deals.

There are some points on which I do not altogether agree with Mr. Wilenski, and there are others on which I altogether disagree with him. This explanation of the “ Romantic ” nature of Rembrandt’s work escapes me, but then I think that the meaning of Rembrandt’s work itself escapes me, and that that is the secret of Rembrandt.

I think that in referring to Life-class painting from the model as a “ disastrous system ” and a “ vicious habit ” Mr. Wilenski is on the wrong track. One might as well say that a surgeon should never work in the dissecting room, or that a pianist should never practise scales. I venture to assert that every painter who deserves the name did—at some time in his career—endeavour with all his energy to paint and draw from the life with all the fidelity and accuracy that he could muster. And further, that the Life-class is the place in which the painter wins his freedom to say and do with paint what he wills. If he chooses later to dispense with literal accuracy, it will not be for the reason that he had never acquired it. And if he finds that the Life-class is enslaving him and boring him, he should reconsider his vocation.

In the course of his remarks on “ Baroque tactility ” the writer poses a problem which every reader must solve for himself. It is, that tactility is “ tolerable ” in Hals when it projects the mind “ into a state of sympathy with selfish heartiness and insensitive good cheer ” and that it is “ revolting ” in the Jesuits when it is intended to make the spectator “ participate in the ecstatic joy of the angels and blessed who floated above him on the painted ceilings of the new Jesuit churches.”

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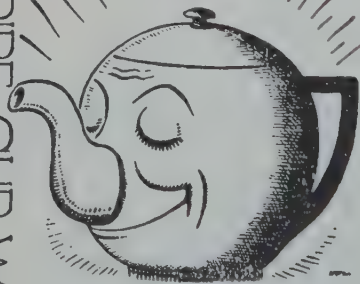
My last objection is to what I presume to be a printer's error. Mr. Wilenski is, I am sure, too well acquainted with Velasquez "Los Borrachos" to refer to the picture as "Los Barrachos."

SEAN KEATING

BOOKS RECEIVED

An Introduction to Pacifism by Philip S. Mumford (*Cassels* 2/-).
 The Voyage to Illyria by Kenneth Muir and Sean O'Loughlin (*Methuen* 7/6).
 The Evolution of the Tank by Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter (*Hutchinson* 12/6).
 Invitation to the Ballet by Ninette de Valois (*The Bodley Head* 12/6).
 The Secrets of the Chinese Drama by Cecilia S. L. Zung (*Harrap* 21/-).
 Plays for Air and Earth by Lord Dunsany (*Heinemann* 6/-).
 London Music in 1888-89 as heard by Corno Di Bassetto (Later known as Bernard Shaw) (*Constable* 7/6).
 The Passing Day and Jail Bird by George Shiels (*Macmillan* 7/6).
 The Irish R.M. and His Experiences by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross (*Faber and Faber*, 5/-).
 The Book of Songs by Arthur Waley (*Allen and Unwin* 10/6).
 The College Book of Prose by Doak (*Talbot Press* 2/6).
 Starting Point by C. Day Lewis (*Jonathan Cape* 7/6).
 They Seek a Country by Francis Brett Young (*Heinemann* 8/6).
 Brynhild by H. G. Wells (*Methuen* 7/6).
 Emma by Louis Paul (*Methuen* 7/6).
 Daphne's Fishing by George A. Birmingham (*Methuen* 7/6).
 Laleen and Other Stories by Myrtle Johnson (*John Murray* 7/6).
 My Father's House by Pierpoint Noyes (*John Murray*) 15/-).
 Golden Fleece by Bertha Harding (*Harrap*) 12/6).
 Noctorne in Sunlight by Charles Lorne (*The Bodley Head* 7/6).

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THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 AUG.—15 SEPT.)

DESPITE many efforts at settlement, Dublin building dispute continued. Hitch in Cork building settlement, and plumbers expelled from workers' group. Dublin Trades Council congratulated Corporation on direct labour scheme for building. Municipal Authorities conference at Ennis called for appointment of minister for Housing and for allocation of sweepstake funds for slum clearance. Eighteen Tralee men fined for picketing in ground rent agitation. Prices Commission found price of bread not unreasonably high and allowed increase; recommended control of furniture hire-purchase. Improvement in Dublin court treatment of child offenders followed controversy between Lord Mayor and District Justice. Deputation of fox-hunters informed Minister for Agriculture that division of coverts was endangering hunting. At British Association meeting at Nottingham, Prof. B. F. Shields stated that 1933 Census of Distribution showed that small retailer predominated in Ireland, only half the shops having turnover of more than £500. House of Lords decision stopped sale of Donegal milk in Derry. Government to survey gypsum deposits in Cavan. Garda scheme instituted at Lahinch for training in life-saving at seaside resorts. Kerry board prohibited dressing in public and mixed bathing. Fatal road accidents in 1936 were 7 per 100,000.

Successful shows at Enniscorthy, Gorey, Galway, Limerick, Loughrea and Roscommon. Large attendance at Muintir na Tire rural week at Ardmore; Fr. Hayes, Director, said they hoped to drive out Hollywood and bring back Knocknagow. Criticism of fact that Ireland not represented at Paris International Exhibition. Dublin Corporation considering industrial exhibition in 1940. Forty delegates at International Dairy Congress in Berlin. Dr. T. J. O'Connell delegate to International Education Congress in Tokyo. Irish cemeteries are kept in disgraceful manner, said Bishop of Elphin. Missionary exhibition in Cork. Saorstát civil servants who resign to enter religion may be reinstated if they have no vocation. Mgr. Ambrose Kelly consecrated at Blackrock Bishop for Sierre Leone. Three thousand left on fifth national pilgrimage to Lourdes. Thrilling recovery in dangerous sea by Thomas Boyle, James Foran and Patrick Quinn of body of girl drowned at Kilkee. Michael Moore, Bailey, retired after forty years lighthouse service. Stated at Carlingford that court conditions in dance licences for proportion of Irish dances had not been successful. G.A.A. committee considering problem of games in America consequent on cessation of emigration. Many city children on scholarship holiday in Gaeltacht.

Census of Production for years 1932 to 1935 for 23 main industrial groups showed increase in gross output from £32,283,000 to £45,900,000; in wages from £4,232,000 to £5,839,000; and in number of workers from 47,000 to 70,000. External trade for July was £5,987,000, being imports of £3,848,000 and exports of £2,139,000. Improved prices to growers for wheat and barley. "Labour News" allegation that new Dublin oil refinery would be British refuelling base denied; reported that church would be built on site for shift workers.

Dr. Pk. McCartan on behalf of Americans made presentation to Dr. W. B. Yeats. Technical Education Congress erected plaque at Mullinahone to memory of Charles Kickham. Ruins of Moyne Abbey taken over by Archaeological Society as national monument. Cobh council threatened to remove base of Lusitania memorial because of delay in completion. Party of Germans arrived to locate grave of Raspe, author of Munchausen, who died at Killarney. Dr. Myles Dillon appointed Professor of Celtic Philology in Wisconsin university. Armed men raided "Irish Independent" works and smashed type of article alleging that Tone was traitor. Among lectures were those by Sir Stafford Cripps in Belfast on socialism and imperialism; Dr. H. Soderman, Stockholm university, in U.C.D. on crime investigation; Rev. Vincent McNabb to Dublin Aquinas Circle; Walter Dwyer, Australian Industrial Arbitration Board, in Dublin on compulsory arbitration; Bernardo Blejer, Chilean Consul, on Chile and Ireland.

John Cudahy, new American minister, and Nils Jaenson, new Swedish consul, arrived in Dublin. Mr. de Valera headed delegation to League of Nations and was elected a vice-president of the Assembly. Delegation headed by Frank Fahy, Ceann Comhairle, at Inter-Parliamentary Conference in Paris. Wilfred Roberts, M.P., visiting Dublin, suggested Saorstát publicity bureau in London. Six Irishmen with Valencia forces killed in fighting at Brunette.

Died: Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton, jurist and litterateur; Brig-Gen. F. P. Crozier, who resigned command of Auxiliaries; Robert Dorman, Ulster Labour pioneer; Ald. Sean French, Lord Mayor of Cork; Dr. P. E. Magennis, former Carmelite prior-general; Miss Mary Swift McNeill.

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